

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR DECEMBER, 1840.

Art. I. *Eminent British Statesmen: OLIVER] CROMWELL.* By
JOHN FORSTER, Esq. *Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Vols. VI. and VII.
London: Longman and Co.

WELL did our mighty magician of the drama represent before the terrified Macbeth an armed head that 'would not be 'commanded,' as rising out of the troubled cauldron, when his witches were exercising their sorceries, amidst thunder, solitude, and darkness ! Civil wars and political revolutions will generally give up a somewhat similar apparition, to chastise and alarm that guilty nation, which, in passing under the judgments of God, has forgotten or failed to humble itself before Him. Napoleon thus terminated the tragedy of the first French Reign of Terror ; he being little else than the re-production, on a larger scale, of the great British Protector in the seventeenth century, who after witnessing the execution of his sovereign, succeeded in appropriating to himself the prerogatives and glory of Power. In some respects, Oliver Cromwell was greater,—in others, he was less than his successor, in our own times, though in another country : yet Buonaparte, as all readers and observers know, always numbered him amongst the most remarkable of mankind. He has indeed secured a pedestal in the temple of fame, which will pass away only with time itself. His character has perplexed those who desire to understand it, almost as much as his actions have excited their wonder or execration. He blazed before his contemporaries like a comet rather than a star. His present biographer, however, has put into our hands a telescope which will enable us to examine him thoroughly. In no previous work

has Mr. Forster exhibited more ability or impartiality. The hero grows up into life before us, so that we seem to see him from his boyhood to his deathbed. Our object must of course be to compress, as well as to delineate: and we shall therefore endeavor forthwith to portray his personal history,—his military career,—and his civil administration.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599, in an old gothic house attached to the brewery of his worthy parents. These persons were of respectable, and, on the maternal side, of illustrious origin; the father having descended from a Glamorganshire squire, and the mother being daughter to William Steward, of the city of Ely. She was a widow, with a jointure of £60 per annum, when she married Robert Cromwell; and could boast of a lineal and undoubted descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. A portrait of her still remains at Hinchinbrook, displaying a small and sweet mouth, expressive of firmness no less than gentleness, with large melancholy eyes, light pretty hair, and a meek, quiet affectionateness diffused over her face, which modestly peeps forth from a white satin hood, over a velvet cardinal of simple beauty, clasped by one small but rich jewel. Oliver was her second son, and the only one of three who lived to manhood. Her husband, having small means, although very good connexions, permitted her to carry on the brewery adjoining their premises, taking little or no part in it himself; though very glad, beyond a doubt, to have his humbler estate and situation, as younger brother to the neighbouring Sir Oliver Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, thus comfortably supported through the exertions of an invaluable helpmate. His sister had married John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire, the father of the immortal patriot, who speedily discerned, beneath a rough exterior, the matchless talents of his cousin, long ere the fortune of war and politics had stamped him, before the world, as a future Protector to the three kingdoms. Yet it would seem that omens, prodigies, and fantasies, had already gathered around him their thickest clouds of mystery and interest. The cradle of conquerors and rulers can never be left to the unalloyed loveliness and simplicity of maternal affection producing,—moulding,—and watching over the epitome of a maturity to come. An honest nonjuror, who afterwards purchased and inhabited the house of Robert Cromwell at Huntingdon, used to show, behind the door of the room in which Oliver was born, a curious figure of the devil worked into the hangings. When as an infant, he was sent for one day over to the seat of his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, a monkey snatched him from his crib, and running with him up to the leads, alarmed the entire household with this almost typical anticipation of his subsequent destiny: yet Pug brought him down safely in his paws, whilst the servants vainly busied themselves in fetching

featherbeds to break his fall, had the creature been disposed to throw him headlong towards the ground. The curate of Cunnington is also said to have saved him some years afterwards from drowning, of which good deed, when its object reminded him at a still later period, the loyal parson avowed his hearty repentance, declaring that could he have foreseen matters, he would sooner have put him into the water, than have so unhappily plucked him out. In sober truth, his temper by this time had waxed not a little wayward and violent. His mother humored him grievously, so that he became cross and peevish. Hinchinbrook was now and then honored with a visit from the sovereign, and an anecdote is mentioned by Noble, demonstrating that the conduct of Oliver, even as a child, on one most singular occasion, seemed to raise the curtain of futurity! In 1604, Charles the First, then Duke of York, was staying for a few nights with Sir Oliver, who to divert the young prince sent for his nephew from Huntingdon, that he, with his own boys, might play with his royal highness. However, these little people had not been together long, before the sturdy son of the brewer, conceiving himself insulted through some arrogance on the part of his illustrious play-fellow, bestowed on the latter a sound thrashing and a bloody nose! It must not be forgotten that these pigmy combatants were ninth cousins once removed to each other! What ensued hereupon we are not informed; but on a subsequent occasion, when fatigued with pastime he had laid himself down to sleep, a gigantic female figure withdrew suddenly the curtains of his bed, and first gazing at him in awful silence for a while, at length told him that before his death he would be the greatest man in England. 'He remembered when he recited the story,—and the recollection marked the current of his thoughts,—that the spectre had not made mention of the word KING.' His father with doubtful propriety had him flogged for this fancy, by an excellent pedagogue, one Doctor Beard, represented in a frontispiece to 'The Theatre of God's Judgments,' as waving a rod in his hand, with two miserable scholars standing behind him, and *As in presenti* issuing out of his mouth!

This theological disciple of Solomon, and anticipator of Doctor Busby, had taken the youthful Oliver into his tender mercies, after an ancient schoolmistress had given him up in despair. Doctor Beard ruled over the free-grammar school of the town, glorying like Augustus in sitting every day 'between sighs and tears,' when he had Virgil with his asthma, and Horace with his weeping eyes, on either side of him. He spared neither birch nor pains on the persons and minds of his pupils, as appears too evident to be questioned: whilst, joking apart, the son of the brewer seemed to demand no ordinary share of correction. An old author thus forcibly, though quaintly, describes him:

‘ Amongst the rest of those ill qualities which fructuated in him
‘ at this age, he was very notorious for robbing of orchards; a
‘ puerile crime, and an ordinary trespass, but grown so scandalous
‘ by the frequent spoyles and damages of trees, breaking of
‘ hedges and enclosures, committed by *this apple-dragon*, that
‘ many solemn complaints were made, both to his father and
‘ master, for redress thereof,—which missed not their *satisfaction*
‘ *and expiation out of his hide*; on which so much pains were
‘ lost, that that very offence ripened in him afterwards to the
‘ throwing down of all boundaries of law and conscience. From
‘ this he passed into another more manly theft,—the robbing of
‘ dove-houses, *stealing the young pidgeons*, and eating and mer-
‘ chandising of them, and that so publicly, that he became
‘ dreadfully suspect to all the adjacent country.’ There is good
evidence that he would take to learning by fits and starts, an
enthusiastic ‘hard student for a week or two;’ then an idler, at
last rushing back to his books again; at once active and resolute;
capable of tremendous study, but by no means always inclined to
it. The coarse manners moreover of his age should never be lost
sight of. They stuck to him afterwards through life, notwith-
standing no slight share of general improvement all around him.
What would have proved mere incrustations in any other instance,
worked themselves up into his mind, becoming part and parcel of
himself, like varied yet eccentric veins in a mountainous mass of
marble. Such a rock could bear up in awful majesty, amidst the
storms of adversity, or under the sunshine of prosperity; but to
have hoped for the minor graces and elegancies of life, would
have been expecting to polish a Mount Athos! We may there-
fore dismiss a filthy and disgusting tale with respect to one of his
juvenile freaks at Hinchinbrook, which ended in a richly merited
consignment of his person, garments, and all about him, to the
waters of an adjacent horse-pond. His father, uncle, and school-
master, at last hoped for some signal amendment in his manners,
when at seventeen he was entered a fellow-commoner at Sydney
Sussex College, Cambridge.

Here from having been what is called a pickle at school he
grew into what they term a royster at the University. His
prowess in the field flourished more than his good character for
intellectual advancement. Not that he neglected the latter alto-
gether; but low tastes for football, cudgels, and taverns, evi-
dently predominated. There was no helping all this at such a
time, and under such circumstances. His father had been too
stern to command his affections,—his mother too indulgent to
restrain his passions; whilst good Doctor Beard had no other
remedy to prescribe except everlasting flagellation. Like the
hags of old, a certain class of preceptors never mounted towards
heaven, if they ascended at all, upon any other vehicle but their

birch and broomsticks ! The mind of Oliver Cromwell therefore had as yet enjoyed no chance ; and soon after his fair settlement at college, his father died in June, 1617. He had acquired many vices, and some Latin, notwithstanding the silly sneer of the pious but twaddling Bishop Burnet. Milton gives testimony the most unexceptionable that his mighty master was 'not to be reckoned an ill scholar.' He declares of him that he had collected sufficient literary dust at the halls of Alma Mater ; and nobly adds, that 'It did not become that hand to get soft in literary ease which was to be inured to the use of arms, and hardened with asperity ; that right hand was not to be wrapt up in down, among the nocturnal birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were to be hurled soon after among the eagles, which emulate the sun.' Before, however, half his terms had been kept, the *res angusta domi* summoned him to Huntingdon, whence he proceeded to London, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn. The metropolis gave a finish to his already profligate habits. Neither the paternal estate, nor his physical constitution, could endure his career of rakishness beyond a certain point. Old Anthony à Wood bears out the bitter loyalism of Heath, in portraying the vicious young student as detesting the law, which it was his duty to study ; and then returning upon his excellent mother, still compelled to brew in her country town for her bread, 'as a debauchee and boisterous rude fellow.' Wallowing in ale and fornication, he nevertheless contrived to secure unparalleled eminence in the use of that antiquated rural weapon,—the quarter-staff. With this he challenged and engaged the most famous tinkers and pedlars in the neighbourhood. His uncle might well continue to frown upon him, as he did : yet Sir Oliver little thought that his reckless nephew was laying up a store of rustic courage and skill which would be the terror at some future day to aristocratic cavaliers in mail ! In fact, providential circumstances were gradually preparing the bumpkin for a dauntless warrior. His extraordinary character lay wrapt up and immured in that form, which can never be any otherwise than least agreeable. Nor indeed are we to imagine that even now it was altogether coarseness, without some lines of alleviation : for Carrington assures us of tendencies being still perceptible, amidst his worst conduct, that his nature remained by no means totally averse to study and contemplation ; only 'he seemed more addicted to conversation and the reading of men and their several tempers, than to mere poring over authors.' Man, under forty, can perhaps rarely succeed in achieving an entire oblivion of himself. The spirit must have moved the future Protector at times, as it did Samson in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Eshtaol. In earlier years he had once personated the part of Tactus in an allegorical drama called the Five Senses ; when, oddly enough,

with a chaplet of laurel upon his head, he had to stalk upon the stage, stumbling against a royal robe and crown ! Taking them both up, the following soliloquy was delivered by him as a juvenile, confident, and almost prophetic actor :

‘Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend :
 Was ever man so fortunate as I ?—
 To break his shins at such a stumbling-block !
 Roses and bays pack hence : this crown and robe
 My brows and body circles and invests !
How gallantly it fits me ! Sure the slave
 Measured my head, that wrought this coronet.
 They lie,—that say complexions cannot change ;
 My blood’s ennobled, and *I am transformed*
Unto the sacred temper of a king !
 Methinks I hear my noble parasites
 Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,—
 Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
 This precious ointment. *How my face is mended !*
 How princely do I speak ! How sharp I threaten !
 Peasants, I’ll curb your headstrong impudence,
 And make you tremble when the Lion roars !
 Ye earth-bred worms ! O for a looking-glass !
 Poets will write whole volumes on this change.’

The authenticity of this curious coincidence has been placed beyond dispute ; and we mention it here as a premonitory echo, if such a term may be allowed, of that voice within his bosom, which at last came to make itself heard ! His patrimony was rapidly rolling away : and his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, having manifested symptoms of mental aberration, he both officiously and selfishly endeavored to procure a commission of lunacy against him. It was refused by the crown-court after proper investigation ; notwithstanding which, the supposed victim of malversation bequeathed subsequently all his fortune to his persecutor ; a fact, in our humble judgment, removing every real stain of baseness from the business, beyond that of over-eagerness after what an inconsiderate spendthrift could scarcely fail to be looking out for.

Meanwhile the worthy widow at Huntingdon wept and prayed, as other mothers with graceless children have so often done, in the depths of parental sorrow. No visions of Whitehall or Hampton Court, or obsequious ambassadors, soliciting her interest with her son, or of inaugural or funereal pageantry at Westminster, or within its solemn abbey, ever excited or perplexed her diligent mind. The vapours of that wholesome liquor, which she honestly fermented and dispensed, were not less emblems of

the vanity of a vexatious world, than they seemed symptoms of filial ingratitude, which could thus leave her to toil and labor, as most persons might have thought, in vain. Yet some reward for her travail was at no great distance. 'On the 22nd of August, 1620, four months after the completion of his twenty-first year, Cromwell married Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex, a kinswoman of the Hampdens, a woman of high spirit, of an ancient and honorable family, whose irreproachable life and unobtrusive manners should have indeed protected her from the insults and obloquies of the time, if anything could have been held sacred from them.' Wedlock proved the first link of that golden chain which was henceforward to draw him upward. Reformation immediately commenced. He reconciled himself with every one of his justly offended relatives. He now nobly assisted in the brewery, as if to confer honor upon industrial occupation. In some of his wild days and nights, he had occasionally won sums of money at a gambling-table: but he now sought out the parties, and compelled them to receive back all such illgotten gains. The age heaved with religious as well as political agitation and excitement: the sovereign was oppressing the subject; episcopalians were grinding nonconformists to the bone; whilst ecclesiastical vengeance stood like Shylock the Jew, sharpening a knife upon the ground, and demanding the pound of flesh from whomsoever her power might exact it. The prodigal of Huntingdon too had grown into another character. His contemplation, under the veil of wildness, had sprung up 'like the summer grass, fastest by night, unseen yet crecive in its faculty.' His house became a home for persecuted ministers of the gospel: and thus being not forgetful to entertain strangers, he must full often have sheltered angels unawares. The claims of conscience rose before him in their sacredness and glory. He avowed himself their champion and defender, at a period when their enemies in this country were the bear and lion for ever prowling round the fold of God: for not as yet had the David been manifested, whose prowess could take them by the beard. Here lay the happiest groundwork of his life: he loved and was beloved, instead of being as not long before, reproached and detested. He throve too in outward circumstances, and begat sons and daughters. Once more the attestation of Milton meets us: *Is matura jam atque firmata ætate, quam et privatus traduxit, nullâ re magis quam religionis cultu purioris, et integritate vitæ cognitus, domi in occulto creverat; et ad summa quæque tempora fiduciam Deo fretam et ingentem animum tacito pectore aluerat:* 'Being now arrived at a ripe and mature age, all which time he spent as a private person, noted for nothing so much as the culture of pure religion and integrity of life, he had unostenta-

‘tiously acquired wealth at home : whilst enlarging his hopes
‘with reliance in God, for any the most exalted occasions, he
‘nursed a mighty genius in his silent bosom !’

There is a letter extant, which would fall in here, had we room for it, requesting a friend at Cambridge to stand godfather to his son Richard. Its simplicity, and even tenderness, could not fail to increase our interest in such domestic details ; only that the present object is not to encroach upon the province of either the historian or the biographer. The wings of his fame began to increase rapidly. He had stood a contest for his native borough in 1625, and had failed : but in 1628, his fellow-townsmen appear to have returned him to the third parliament of Charles the First, without much difficulty. His personal figure was of no mean mark : yet his gait was clownish, ‘his dress ill-made and ‘slovenly, his manners coarse and abrupt, and his face such as ‘men look on with a vague feeling of admiration and dislike. The ‘features seemed cut, as it were, out of a piece of gnarled and ‘knotty oak ; the nose large and red ; the cheeks warted, wrinkled, and sallow ; the eyebrows huge and shaggy ; but glistening ‘from beneath them were eyes full of depth and meaning, and ‘when turned to the gaze, piercing through and through the ‘gazer !’ Who could deny, who looked upon his magnificent forehead, with its ‘open flow of hair,’ that he was formed to govern men ? When later in life, and on the eve of assuming sovereign power, he once sat for his picture, the limner received instructions from his own mouth, ‘not to inflict any nonsense on ‘the canvass,’ but to represent his features with all their imperfections. These were numerous ; and the newspapers more than once allude to ‘the glow-worm glistening in his beak,’ whenever he was about to give way to a towering passion. His face would then become pale as alabaster, but with its gnomon so fiery, that his friends called it a ruby, his enemies a blazing beacon ! Such are their very expressions : and the author of *Hudibras* further declared, that ‘Cromwell wanted neither wardrobe nor armour ; ‘his physiognomy was naturally buff, and his skin might furnish ‘any body with a rusty coat of mail : one would suppose he had ‘been christened in a lime-pit, and been tanned alive !’ His first oratorical efforts were made against Mainwaring ; which led to the closest union between himself, Pym, Hampden, St. John, and the other patriots. The well known dissolution ensued ; Charles set his whole soul to the preposterous task of governing without parliaments ; Oliver Cromwell returned to his retirement to spend eleven years of varied preparation for the still mightier labor of overturning thrones and altars. Three of them were passed at Huntingdon, and a portion of the remainder at St. Ives, where he stocked a small farm with about £1800, which he had realised from the sale of his patrimonial property.

Vehement religious exercises, carried to such a pitch as to affect his health, had probably rendered this removal quite necessary. His physician assured Sir Philip Warwick, that 'phansyes 'about the cross,' as well as the near approach of death, would often occur, so as that medical assistance had to be sent for 'at 'midnight and like unseasonable hours.' Protracted prayers, and frequently fastings, interspersed with sudden intervals of fantastic merriment, leave us at no loss to discover the progress of hypochondriacal disease, which would naturally seek relief in change of place or occupation. Agricultural pursuits seasoned him for nobler exertions, in the sequel, just as the former use of the quarter-staff had exercised his arms, and augmented that personal courage and agility which are by no means to be despised.

'In the tenants that rented from him,—in the laborers that took service under him, he sought to sow the seeds of his after-troop of Ironsides. He achieved an influence through the neighbourhood all around him, unequalled for piety and self-denying virtue. The greater part of his time, even upon his farm, was passed in devotional expositions and prayer. Who prays best will work best,—who preaches best will fight best,—all the famous doctrines of his later and more celebrated years were tried and tested on the little farm at St. Ives. His servants were taught that however inferior to the lords of the earth they might be in worldly circumstances, there were yet claims of loftier concern in which they had equal share, and in the right understanding of which their humanity might exalt itself to the level of the proudest. He did not drudge them from the rising to the setting sun, as if they had been merely beasts of burden; he left them time at intervals to ponder on the momentous fact, that even they had immortal souls. Before going to their field-work in the morning, they knelt down with their master in the touching equality of prayer; in the evening, they shared with him again the comfort and exaltations of divine precepts, and were taught the inexpressible value of the religion that is practical, and tends to elevate, not to depress the soul.'

—Vol. i. p. 48.

Many old swords still exist in the vicinity, bearing on their hilts his initials O. C., which have descended from that day to their present owners. In the meantime neither the farm nor his own health prospered. He generally went to church, with his neck awry from stiffness, and for that reason enveloped in scarlet flannel; as an old clerk used to recount from the recollections of earlier years. The cold and damp air of these parts never thoroughly agreed with him. In 1636, he removed to the glebe-house of St. Mary, in the city of Ely: the property of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, having just fallen to him. Here his hypochondriasis got worse and worse. The first murmurings too of the political tempest might be almost heard. Hampden had reaped his harvest of renown in resisting ship-money; and the

impoverished Exchequer was endeavoring to grasp at an enormously unreasonable share of the great Bedford Level, which was now drained to the extent of 400,000 acres. Cromwell, notwithstanding his illness, headed the most popular opposition ever before known in Cambridgeshire against the crown and its encroachments. He roused the smaller proprietors to obey his influence; he drove away a flight of locusts, in the shape of royal officials, who had descended with terrific greediness to devour the best of the land; he traversed the entire district in every direction, until, before his single individual energy, an alluring project of oppression experienced utter discomfiture; so that both king and commissioners being defeated, public opinion there looked to him as its natural leader, and conferred upon him a title by which he was ever mentioned in common conversation,—the Lord of the Fens! When the second parliament of 1640 was at length summoned in the month of November, he immediately offered himself for the town of Cambridge, and was returned, after a fierce contest, by a majority of no more than one vote. Employment had probably recruited his spirits; whilst his antagonist, John Cleaveland the poet, declared that the single suffrage, which deprived himself of a seat in the House of Commons, had ‘ruined both church and kingdom.’ It was an important point gained without a doubt.

And now loomed upwards from the horizon that crisis which made millions of men both pause and ponder. In the terrors of the future, which were to be born from the miseries of the past, many a stern puritan recognised and welcomed that stormy, yet not impassable sea, which heaved and swelled between slavery and freedom. ‘Other thoughts, deeper in his heart of hearts, lurking there even unknown to himself, may have agitated Cromwell. His friends said in after years, that even now he would startle them by sudden and gratuitous graspings of his sword, and by fits of the same abrupt and immoderate laughter which were noted on the eve of Worcester and Dunbar.’ Who shall lay down the precise limits where his gigantic imaginings may have perturbed themselves into the agitations of madness? Strafford speedily fell as the Lucifer of absolutism and royalty. Oliver Cromwell took his noble place in at least twenty out of the forty committees that were appointed within the first week of the Long Parliament to investigate grievances. An eye and ear-witness mentions his voice as being sharp and untunable, but his eloquence full of fervor. His linen was plain and not very clean; his clothes would seem to have been made, as they really had been, by an indifferent country tailor; the hat on his head, or in his hand, wanted a hatband; nor were his wrists embraced in ruffles of pointed lace, to the taste of a spruce cavalier. But his sword stuck close to his side. He was most attentively

listened to; for the artificial conventionalisms of life were for a season about to fly before its realities; whilst John Hampden, in answer to an inquiry from Lord Digby, who so slovenly a fellow might be, replied, 'That sloven, whom you see before you, hath 'no ornament in his speech,—yet, if we should ever come to a 'breach with the king, which God forbid,—that sloven, I say, 'will be the greatest man in England!' There is no reason to suppose that the great patriot was merely repeating the words of the apparition, of which a passing mention has already been made. No sooner was civil war absolutely inevitable, than the uncomely but enthusiastic member for Cambridge was among the very first in the field. From this moment, indeed, commences his military career.

Acting under no regular commission at first, he performed some pieces of daring and important service in his native districts. He suddenly left London for the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, where a large body of yeomen awaited him, from whom he picked out forthwith the ablest and most religious, as the nucleus for his famous regiment of Ironsides. His dwindled finances had already been laid upon the altar of his country and her liberties. He had given £500 towards the sum raised to crush the Irish rebellion. He had purchased on his own responsibility arms and accoutrements. He arrested the plate of the University on its way to the royal treasury. He even waited upon his knightly uncle, Sir Oliver, at Ramsay, for Hinchinbrook had been probably sold; and in the most civil and respectful manner possible, deprived the old gentleman of all his means to do mischief, by any indulgence of his loyal predilections. 'With a good strong 'party of horse, he begged his blessing, and during the few hours 'of his stay, would not keep on his hat in his presence: yet 'nevertheless he not only disarmed him, but carried off all his 'silver.' He went on enrolling for the war a thousand horse-soldiers, after even a more orderly fashion than at the commencement; for he had now accepted from Lord Essex the rank of a colonel of cavalry. Richard Baxter informs us that his choosing pious men for his troop arose from his love of their principles, until prosperity corrupted him. He taught them with the greatest diligence to feed and dress their chargers, and when it should be needful to lie together with them on the ground. The volume of human nature he had studied in exactly those particulars which enabled him to draw together the hardest frames and the most courageous as well as obedient souls, so as to form warriors, rather than mercenaries, who would understand and never flinch from the cause they served, feeling it not only to be their own, but to be invested with a religious, even more than a merely temporal or secular character. He became their friend as well as their commander. He prayed with and preached to them. Upon

these foundations of love and attachment he kept up a discipline that was perfect. Their arms were always clean and bright; their health never failed; no difficulties daunted them; they never forsook their colors or their leader; nor were they ever beaten. He subsequently, says Baxter, had under his care some of the associated counties, 'where he brought this body into a 'double regiment of fourteen full troops; and all these as full of 'religious men as he could get.' He even tried them, by many stratagems in their earlier musters, so as to discover and good-naturedly weed out the pusillanimous and fainthearted. In one word, he enlisted from the middle classes, and not from either the highest or lowest. He won the confidence of his followers to the last man. From the hour that he captured the high-sheriff of Hertfordshire in his own market place of St. Alban's, he convinced the whole kingdom that he had put his hand to the sword, and that sword should be his plough, until England was a free nation. In the same spirit, he frankly avowed from the beginning, that he fought for the parliament against Charles Stuart, in whose face he would as soon discharge his pistol, as that of any other man. He denounced the preposterous subtlety of acting in the name and on behalf of his majesty against his authority. There was no whiggery about him, any more than there was at this period a taint of toryism. He was one of deeds not words. He raised, and trained, and led from victory to victory soldiers, who then constituted the seed, as they afterwards did the flower of that astonishing army, 'whose order and discipline, whose 'sobriety and manners, whose valor and success, made it famous 'and terrible all over the world.'

Then came the tug of war, with all its horrors, and all its crimes. Cromwell had already distinguished himself, whilst others were reluctantly mounting into their saddles. Having received secret intelligence that a royal party was preparing itself for action at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, he pounced on them like a bird of prey; took them all prisoners, with about thirty persons of opulence and distinction, besides getting possession of immense stores of weapons and ammunition. His activity thus crushed the egg of a cockatrice in the eastern counties; whence he quickly penetrated into Lincolnshire, disarming the malignants as he passed, securing Stamford as well as Burleigh House by the way, and defeating General Cavendish near Grantham. He then relieved Gainsborough at immense risk, and with a skilfulness which astonished both sides. It was one of the first important advantages gained to the parliamentarians; and, as Whitelock observes, proved 'the beginning of those great fortunes' connected with the hero of his age. Ireton now joined him, a pure republican, but a most excellent man; combining the saint and the soldier, the philosopher, the lawyer, and the politician, all in

one. Three years after this time he married Bridget Cromwell; having quitted his own regiment to follow the colors of her father, whose conduct and genius, as Mrs. Hutchinson tells us, 'had charmed him.' Meanwhile royalism seemed in the ascendant, upon the whole, for some considerable period. Newcastle, with an overpowering force, swept down the midland shires, so that Cromwell had to draw off towards Boston; which it is admitted he did in a most masterly manner. Such occasional retreats perfected his generalship. He was learning and deserving to conquer that haughty aristocracy, ranged for the most part with natural sympathy under the banners of an arbitrary monarch and irresponsible power. The puritans needed some such captain of exemplary renown; for in the course of a campaign or two, Hopton had thoroughly routed Sir William Waller; divisions and jealousies had weakened the strong and disheartened the patriotic; Lord Essex had vacillated, just as might have been expected; and above all John Hampden had fallen! Pym, Vane, the Solemn League and Covenant, and Oliver Cromwell, propped up their waning cause. The sword of the last proved to them that of the Lord and Gideon! Fiennes had surrendered Bristol. The Princes Rupert and Maurice led the rich conservative gentry, as they would now be called, together with Lords Hertford and Newcastle. Charles would have set down before Gloucester, had not Essex with immense reinforcements marched thither, forced him to retire, followed him through Wiltshire, and at length fought the battle of Newbury memorable for the death of four earls and Viscount Falkland: whilst Cromwell remained in Lincolnshire, performing such feats of prudence as well as valor, that he was united with Lord Manchester in the military charge of the six eastern counties, and had an additional levy of 2000 men placed under his command. It was now verging towards the close of 1643, and Sir Thomas Fairfax had joined them on the 9th of October at Boston. Manchester nominally, but Cromwell really, acted as generalissimo. Sir John Henderson, a gallant royalist, having watched his opportunity, attacked the latter near Horncastle, engaging him three to one, since, for those twenty-four hours, Lord Manchester through his own mismanagement was a day's march in the rear. Oliver however felt no fear. He addressed his faithful Ironsides with the double watchword of Truth and Peace! At the same moment he formed his position for the fight, so as to make advantageous ground supply the want of numbers; and then giving out a psalm of victory, he drew his gleaming weapon, and charged in the name of the Most High the astonished enemy. The sound of the sacred song was lost in long rolling volleys of heavy musketry, and the dead shock of mingled combatants. Cromwell's favorite steed reeled from the stroke of a ball, and foundered with its

rider ; who, in disengaging himself, was cut down by Sir Ingram Hopton, so that he lay for an instant unconscious amongst the slain : but once more springing up, he seized a sorry horse from one of his troopers, and rode into the midst of the *mêlée* with terrible, and as it turned out, with irresistible fierceness. However, it was his self-collectedness as well as his indomitable courage, that inclined the scale of success from the many to the few. The entire front of the cavaliers wavered, broke, dispersed, and fled. Immense slaughter occurred in the pursuit. Baggage, arms, colors to the number of eighteen pair, horses, and a vast multitude of prisoners rewarded the victors : so that this engagement, which sometimes is called that of Waisby Hill, encouraged the parliamentarians with brighter hopes than they had yet enjoyed ; removed the Marquess of Newcastle from Kingston-upon-Hull ; and made Charles the First exclaim, ‘ Would to God ‘ that some one would do me the good fortune to bring to me ‘ Oliver Cromwell, whether alive or dead ! ’

In vain did the royal supplication betray his discernment or his fears. Their object gave him no respite ; for instead of withdrawing into winter quarters, the Ironsides pursued a bright train of triumph, capturing castles, raising monies, cutting off stragglers, and consolidating military organizations. Their leader now received his appointment of lieutenant-governor to the isle of Ely, which afforded him opportunities, during the severe season, from December to March, of squeezing the fat chapters and colleges of his own Minster, Peterborough, and Cambridge. Within the University much need there was, then as now, of radical reformation. He therefore garrisoned the town as a preparatory measure. Lord Manchester at length obtained powers, in due form from Westminster, for couching the cataract, in this one at least of the eyes of the Church of England. That Church, since the reign of Elizabeth, was lapsing into fearful blindness. Cromwell must have meditated much on former days : but the tremendous campaign of 1644 now commenced. Twenty thousand veteran Scotchmen had crossed the Tweed to co-operate with the puritans. Various movements through the very heart of the kingdom terminated in a grand junction between Fairfax, Lord Leven, Manchester, and Cromwell, now holding commission as lieutenant-general over a division of at least 14,000 men. Newcastle and Rupert were at York ; when, through the headstrong rashness of the latter, pleading as in truth he was justified in doing, a permission if not a mandate from Charles, an engagement in the neighbourhood between themselves and the allied forces of their enemies, was fatally resolved upon. On the 2nd of July, therefore, Marston Moor, eight miles from the city, beheld 46,000 subjects of one and the same sovereign drawn out in battle array against each other ! War is dreadful ; civil war-

fare appears infernal. Within the streets and suburbs of York 'every boom of the distant cannon would strike upon the inhabitants as the death-knell of a friend or brother. The lines of the 'parliamentarians had begun to form as early as ten in the morning,—the royalist preparations were complete at five o'clock in the afternoon,—it was now within a quarter of seven,—yet 'there still stood these formidable armies, each awaiting from the 'other, with a silent and awful suspense, the signal of battle.' Across a portion of the parliamentary front ran a deep drain, very wide, with the ground to the right broken and entrenched with natural fences and lanes. On the left their position was open and unprotected towards the moor. The elder Fairfax and Lord Leven, with his Scotch, kept the centre; on either wing lay the cavalry; of which the younger Fairfax commanded the right, whilst Cromwell and Manchester held the left. Rupert gazed from afar, as these thick masses formed before him. He had outstripped, through his customary haste, the glittering thousands of royalists, which occupied all day in coming into line. At the drain, he stationed four brigades of infantry, supported by Goring and his horse: his principal columns, with himself and his own cavalry, drew up in direct opposition to Sir Thomas, or as he is often called, the younger Fairfax. The elder, or Lord Fairfax, not as yet had uttered the fatal word, when a stir arose in the quarter of the Independents, part of whose infantry moved upon the drain. Rupert then opened a murderous fire from behind a ditch where his musketeers lay in comparative safety: and the conflict began in good earnest.

'The parliamentarians, who had advanced, vainly attempted to form under the plunging batteries simultaneously directed against them from the rear. At that moment was seen the genius of Cromwell. With a passionate exclamation to his Ironsides, he ordered them to sweep round the ditch to their right, clear the broken ground, and fall in with himself upon the dissolute Goring. The movement occupied some time; and fearful slaughter was meanwhile suffered by Manchester's infantry: but having once emerged, these inveterate republicans stood for an instant to receive the onset of Goring's horse, and then, like a cliff tumbled from its basis by an earthquake, rolled back upon them. Nothing could withstand that astonishing charge. The cavaliers who survived offered no further resistance, but wheeled off to join Prince Rupert. Cromwell and his men next struck at the guns, and sabred the artillerymen beside them; and then, with as much leisurely order as at parade, rode towards the drain. Every place was deserted, as they advanced. One spot of ground only still held upon it, for an instant, the Marquess of Newcastle's unflinching regiment of old tenants and retainers, and was covered the instant after with an unbroken line of honorable dead. Their victory was complete, the right wing of the royalists being irrecoverably broken.

Rupert and his cavalry had meanwhile obtained as great a victory on the left. The encumbered ground on which Fairfax stood was most unfavorable to an advance. Rupert, therefore, stood keenly by till he saw the parliamentary forces stagger under the heavy charges poured upon them, as they emerged in narrow columns, through ditches and lanes; and then with his characteristic impetuosity, charged, overthrew, routed, and dispersed both foot and cavalry, with tremendous slaughter.

‘The subsequent meeting of the two victors decided the day. While the centres were unsteadily engaged, Cromwell, who had checked his triumphant Ironsides from their pursuit, in the very nick of time, ordered them suddenly to fall round, and wheel upon their centre to the left. Rupert had given a similar order to his conquering cavalry to wheel round on their centre to the right; and now with a shock more terrible than any of this terrible day, these desperate leaders, each supposing himself the victor, dashed each in front of a victorious foe! Cromwell received a wound in the neck, and the alarm for his safety gave an appearance of momentary unsteadiness even to his gallant followers; but they rallied with redoubled fury; and in conjunction with an accomplished Scotch officer, who led up at the moment a brilliant attack, fairly swept Rupert off the field. It was now ten o'clock, and by the melancholy dusk, which enveloped Marston Moor, might be seen a fearful sight. Five thousand dead bodies of Englishmen lay heaped upon that fatal ground. The distinctions, which separated in life these sons of a common country, seemed trifling now! The plumed helmet embraced the strong steel cap, as they rolled on the heath together; and the loose love-lock of the careless cavalier lay drenched in the dark blood of the enthusiastic republican!’—*Ib.* pp. 134—137.

It proved an enormous victory. Ten thousand stand of arms, two wagons of carabines and pistols, fifteen hundred prisoners more or less distinguished, one hundred and thirty barrels of powder, besides twenty-five pieces of large ordnance, and standards without number, fell as a booty to the conquerors. Charles lost his military chest, all his tents and baggage between the Tweed and the Humber, as well as a full moiety of his entire kingdom. York afterwards surrendered; but Lord Essex in the west had less success than ever, having to surrender all his troops, and himself barely escaping by sea from Plymouth. These events led to the second battle of Newbury in October; when Cromwell would have at once closed the civil war, had not Manchester, either through cowardice or treachery, prevented him from doing so. Incensed at such a proceeding he repaired to London, and convinced his associates Vane, Ireton, the younger Ludlow, and Marten, that extensive changes were necessary, if future advantages were not to be surrendered almost as soon as obtained. Hence ensued the self-denying ordinance and a new model of the army; both which quietly set aside the puritan

aristocracy from their high places, and lowered Presbyterianism itself before the nobler genius of Independency. Thenceforward Cromwell became and remained master of the ascendant. Fairfax, indeed, was named lord general; whilst to the real soul of the drama, he acted the most convenient and secondary part imaginable. The three separate forces of Waller, Essex, and Manchester, combined into one compact body of about twenty-two thousand men; all their old dissolute and least deserving comrades being dismissed, and the conqueror of Marston Moor succeeding ultimately in getting every arrangement just managed upon his own plan. Some months, however, had passed away before all was settled, and the treaty of Uxbridge proving an utter failure, preparations for another appeal to the sword forthwith had commenced. Charles still ruled over Wales, the western, and some of the midland counties, and even here and there in the north: yet within a few brief weeks he knew scarcely where to turn! The policy resolved upon by the energetic republicans was to strike at their sovereign wherever he might be found. His cruel massacre at Leicester had incensed and exasperated the realm. On the 14th of June, 1645, the fearful conflict at Naseby for ever overclouded his political fortunes.

In a fallow field, about a mile in breadth, extending towards Harborough, Oliver Cromwell had suggested to Fairfax, that they might take up a very strong position, and wait for his majesty, who would certainly, as he judged from a variety of little circumstances, there fall upon them in due order. The result illustrated his foresight; and afforded him also an opportunity, by two or three ingenious and illusive manœuvres, for completely misleading Prince Rupert. That rash nephew of Charles, having ridden forward from the royalists to reconnoitre, conceived the erroneous impression which his antagonist intended he should, and rushed back to his uncle with the news that the roundheads were retreating, and might be annihilated by a pursuit! His uncle listened, believed, and advanced immediately, not as may be supposed in the best condition. Along the ridge of a gentle eminence lay the mighty lines that were thus to be destroyed! Fairfax and Skippon commanded the main centre: Cromwell took the right wing, and Ireton the left. Their van consisted of infantry; the flanks of cavalry; whilst twenty pieces of artillery were so judiciously planted as to cover every avenue of approach. Rupert, however, at once charged Ireton, cut his way through the division, dispersed for a moment its troops, and fell upon the republican baggage in the rear, exactly when his presence was most needed in the front of the engagement. For meanwhile, though Fairfax kept his ground not very equally in the centre, Oliver and his Ironsides alone decided the day. They had been attacked with terrific fierceness; but receiving the charge un-

shaken, they commenced an attack in return, which proved irresistible. Cromwell, having divided his men into seven squadrons, poured upon the foe a sweeping fire of carabines; and then rushing down, routed all the royal cavalry at the point of the sword, sending after them in pursuit only three out of his seven battalions, to prevent their rallying; whilst with the remaining four he wheeled furiously round and charged the king's foot-soldiers, already weary and harassed with their assault upon Fairfax. Not a deluge of reinforcements could have been half so effective as the conquering Cromwellians, fresh from their recent success, plunging their spurs into their horses, and loosening their reins, to give the utmost momentum to the movement. The royal infantry now gave way in all directions. A single regiment, indeed, abode the brunt; but scarcely a man of it survived to tell his courageous story. Charles displayed the magnanimity which never deserted him in danger. He looked out in vain for his headstrong nephew, whose stragglers only began to return when the crisis of their usefulness had gone by: yet no sooner did he behold them, than putting himself at their head, he implored them to follow their monarch, and meet the coming shock. 'One charge more,' he exclaimed, 'and we recover the day!' Alas, the triumphant puritans were already clearing the field, amidst multitudes of prisoners, large spaces covered with the dying, enormous piles of corpses, and fugitives making their escape on foot or on horseback hither and thither. Two thousand bodies were counted for the grave, when all was over. Five thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry, surrendered themselves. Eight thousand stand of arms, above a hundred pair of colors, the royal standard, cabinet, plate, coaches, and a whole train of artillery, are enumerated amongst the spoils. Cromwell himself, who felt that, under God, the victory had been achieved through his generalship and exertions, first pursued his foes for twelve miles, and then transmitted the proper intelligence to the speaker of the House of Commons. It will be remembered that nominally he was no more than second in command: yet Fairfax seemed quite disposed to acquiesce in what could not fail to be obvious to all. Oliver's messenger received a handsome reward: whilst in nothing did his master more imitate the Roman than in attending to the *Quid superesset agendum*. Instead of resting as many would fain have done under the shadow of his laurels, he overspread the country with his victorious forces. Leicester, Winchester, Bristol, Devizes, Exeter, Dartmouth, with an immense number of fortified houses, were prostrated and captured in rapid succession: Sir Jacob Astley became prisoner with his 3000 royal cavalry, after a severe defeat: Charles escaped in disguise from Oxford to the Scottish camp: and the first Civil contest thus terminated. The parliament showered honors, as

well as more substantial rewards, with a profuse hand, upon the head of Oliver Cromwell: but what was of still higher importance, the civil strength of the Independents got stronger through certain recent elections; and the custody of Charles Stuart, transferred to the English by his self-interested Presbyterian subjects, invested them with paramount control over the remainder of the game.

For a mere game it was after all considered by the infatuated monarch and his adherents. He confessed as much to the artful and ambitious leader, who had crushed his last hopes at Naseby. Cromwell too had his game, played henceforward with such consummate effect, that he brought his competitor to the block, and substituted for a degraded throne his own more respectable protectorial chair. First, however, occurred fresh risings in Kent and Essex; in Norfolk, Devonshire, many other districts, as well as the alarming tumults of the apprentices in London; all followed by the regular commencement of a second civil war, when the Covenanters invaded England, and were beaten by Oliver Cromwell at Preston the 17th of August, 1648. This new triumph, obtained like the others through a combination of first rate genius and gallantry, brought the whole island, from Caithness to Cornwall, into subjection. Yet in order that nothing might be left undone, or neglected, he pressed forward towards Edinburgh; where the kirk hailed him as her deliverer! He must have smiled inwardly at that title; but meanwhile having thoroughly overthrown the Duke of Hamilton, and shed some bitter tears over the untimely fate of his eldest and able son, named after himself, who had fallen in a skirmish of the previous campaign, he returned to Whitehall, and sealed the destruction of King Charles. Then followed the Commonwealth, with its Council of State, pervaded by the integrity and talents of Sir Henry Vane; during whose existence the conqueror of Preston was suppressing Lilburne and his levellers, and shedding blood even as water throughout Ireland. Here lay the most crimson stain upon his escutcheon. He had accepted the lord lieutenancy, with an army of 12,000 men, in a spirit which it is to be feared some of our fiery zealots of Exeter Hall would fain see acted over again; a few grains of allowance being made for the lapse of two hundred years. Three ministers of religion invoked a blessing on his banners at Westminster, as being about to wave in 'the battles of the Lord against the blinded Irish Roman Catholics!' Verily Oliver was another Attila at Dublin, Derry, Trim, Carlingford, Newry, Drogheda, and Dundalk. At the last but one of these places, his own despatch coolly assures us that 'in the heat of action I forbade my soldiers to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night, *they put to the sword about two thousand men!*' After the submission of one of the

fortresses, 'their officers were knocked on the head, and every 'tenth man killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes; the soldiers in the other tower were all spared, as to their lives only, 'as they were shipped likewise for Barbadoes. I believe all the 'friars were knocked on the head promiscuously, except two, the 'one of whom was Father Peter Taaf, brother to the Lord Taaf, 'whom our men took the next day, and *made an end of.*' The other also was murdered, together with a hideous number of infants and women! Three hundred females were massacred at once at Wexford, the poor creatures having fled for refuge to the great cross of the market-place; vainly imagining that the emblem of Christianity would melt the most hard-hearted. It had a directly contrary effect, through the bigotry of prejudice with which all Roman Catholic insignia had come to be regarded by the puritans. Oliver Cromwell dared to describe these scenes as 'righteous judgments of heaven, which would prevent the effusion of blood in future; and as to which it was good that *God 'should have all the glory!*' Where was the difference between Charles Stuart at Leicester, and this gory lord lieutenant in Ireland? The latter passed on from tower to tower, and from castle to castle, in a species of grim and bloody triumph. At the end of the next January, he repeated such horrors in a second equally successful, yet equally terrific, campaign. He subdued, however, every shadow of resistance; and returned to England. Fairfax had resigned the commandship in chief of the British forces; to which, as a matter of course, their actual leader now succeeded in name also: for the Scots had proclaimed Charles the Second, nor was there any time to lose. On the 23rd of July, 1650, he passed over the Tweed with eleven thousand picked men, and Fleetwood, Lambert, Whalley, Pride, Overton, and Monk amongst his officers. Successive marches and skirmishes brought the Scotch under Leslie, and the English under Cromwell, to Dunbar, about the end of August and the beginning of September. On the third of the latter month occurred the memorable battle.

Without going into its details, which military men suppose to have demonstrated almost more than any others the indisputable genius of the conqueror, it may be sufficient to remark, that Cromwell was reduced to the greatest straits; when, as early as three in the morning, he was examining with his glass every quarter of the hostile army, with a view to carrying out some skilful manœuvres essential to the purpose in hand. Leslie had encamped upon most advantageous ground, had he only known how to improve it: but all at once, although possessing far superior numbers, he rashly descended into narrow passes where these could be of no avail; and his great antagonist, discerning the consequences of so false a step, exclaimed with frenzied joy, 'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!' He then gave

the signal to his troops, who advanced midway between the hills and the sea, meeting their opponents not far from Roxburgh House. The watchword for the Presbyterians was that of 'the Covenant;' the parliamentarians took for theirs 'The Lord of Sabaoth.' An obstinate and sanguinary engagement then ensued. The first division of English infantry had been overpowered and driven back, until the Ironsides came up, carrying before them all opposition, so that after Leslie's right wing had been broken, the covenanters fell into confusion, and trampled down one another.

'A thick fog had hitherto enveloped the scene of action. It was just before the moment of victory, that the sun suddenly appeared upon the sea, and the voice of Cromwell was heard in the accents, and with the manner of one indeed inspired,—inspired by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless,—'Now let the Lord arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!' At this, a shout broke forth from the English soldiers, which seemed to rend the sky, and the rout of the enemy was complete and dreadful. 'The horse,' says Hodgson, 'fled whatever way they could get: ours pursued towards Haddington; where the general made a halt and sang the one hundred and seventeenth psalm; which by the time they had done, their party was increased, and advancing: the Scots ran, and were no more heard of that fight. The commander of our army was busy in securing prisoners, and the whole bag and baggage; and afterwards we returned to bless God in our tents, like Issachar, for the great salvation afforded us that day.'—*Ib.* p. 290.

The victory of Dunbar consolidated Cromwell's fame, and produced immense booty; a myriad of prisoners, the whole baggage train, an important park of artillery, two hundred colors, with 15,000 stand of arms. Three thousand were slain in the struggle and pursuit; after which the parliamentarians occupied Glasgow and Edinburgh, in the last of which their general held his winter quarters. After engaging in various polemical discussions, as well as moulding all civil and military matters to his own mind, a severe attack of ague brought him extremely low. Meanwhile the Presbyterian army had rallied its shattered remnants, and reinforced them, so as to be again formidable. Charles the Second commanded it in person, and lay well entrenched near Stirling. No sooner had his illness subsided, than Cromwell took the field, transported his troops into Fifeshire, and captured Perth, after a resistance of two days. His boldness succeeded; for it not only moved the Scots from their stronghold, but induced the young prince to march directly towards England. On the 6th of August he reached Carlisle; by which time Oliver had received intelligence of his attempt, and dispatched all the necessary instructions to London. There, as will always be the case

in an opulent and crowded metropolis, the most absurd panics and suspicions prevailed. Some anticipated an entry of the royalists almost every hour: others thought it not impossible, but that Cromwell and his followers had turned traitors, and become parties to the invasion. Charles had pushed on by Kendal and Preston, to Warrington, whence having in vain summoned Shrewsbury to surrender, he followed the road to Worcester, where, according to Clarendon, proclamations announced him king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland! Yet vengeance, sufficiently fearful, stalked close upon his heels. The conqueror of Dunbar followed at the head of thirty thousand men, and by the 28th of August had the Presbyterians in position, within two miles of Worcester.

They were inferior to himself in numbers, but occupying an almost impregnable site. The bridges had been broken down both above and below the city. Any other than a master in stratagics would have abstained from an attack: but Cromwell conceived the felicitous idea of forcing the higher transits of both the Severn and the Team, and so coming down at once upon the enemy from the eastern and western heights. He laid his plans accordingly on the second of September; and on the third, his fortunate day, the very first anniversary of Dunbar, he succeeded in his purpose. A hot fire near Powick gave Charles his first signal, that escape without immediate action was impossible. Oliver and his Ironsides from the Severn at Bunshill,—Lambert from Upton Bridge,—and Fleetwood from the river Team were already driving in the Scots towards the gates of the town. The Presbyterians fought like lions taken in their toils. They disputed every inch of ground presenting the slightest advantage, from hedge to hedge, as they retreated. But Cromwell proved as gallant as themselves; with superior skill, more numerous troops, and a consciousness that, under providence, the cause of liberty, or at least that of Independency, hung suspended on his grand military conception being ultimately crowned with victory. From two o'clock in the morning until nightfall, the frightful conflict raged with unremitting fury. In one spot alone the tide of battle stood arrested for three hours, until the lord-general, at the head of his own veteran and invincible regiment, at last made one of those decisive charges, which swept every thing before it. They were now breaking into the streets and houses. Colonel Drummond, with fifteen hundred men in the fort, still refused to surrender: the puritans gathering fresh vigor through their success thus far, immediately carried it by a furious storm, and put every individual to the sword: Charles, in piteous despair, is said to have requested that he might be shot dead, rather than suffered to survive so bloody a disaster. By ten o'clock at night, Cromwell had conquered all resistance. His joy and emotion appeared

uncontrollable. He summoned Fleetwood and Lambert, and offered to knight them on the field. Before closing his eyes, he wrote to the parliament, that his triumph 'was complete, yea 'gloriously complete' after as frightful a struggle as he had ever witnessed; adding in his peculiar style,—'the dimensions of this 'mercy are above my thoughts. It is for aught I know A CROWN-
'ING MERCY!' Three kingdoms now sat at his feet. Estates, already settled on him, were augmented to £6,500 per annum: he was elected chancellor of the University of Oxford: a deputation of four of the first members of government came forth to congratulate him, as far as Aylesbury; and the palace of Hampton Court was ordered to be prepared for his future abode. From this point, therefore, we may begin to contemplate the merits of his civil as well as military administration, just glancing retrospectively for a moment at the secret of his marvellous fortunes.

There will be no occasion, with regard to this, for an appeal to the Satanic contract, about which royalist writers have indulged in so many fables. The real and genuine devil, with whom he had most to do, was no other than himself. Genius, clothed in hypocrisy, acted as a faithful Mephistopheles! At the period, indeed, of his earliest religious impressions, there were no doubt admirable germs of sincerity, which degenerated by degrees into self-exaltation, and therefore spiritual self-destruction, as the Holy Ghost withdrew his divine influences. The peculiar age in which he lived, his associations and circumstances, his extraordinary talents and success, moulded him into one of the wonders of the present world, at the hazard perhaps of his blessedness in a future one; although, of course, no mortal may judge another before the time. An advocacy, honest in its commencement, for some of the noblest rights of his fellow creatures in general, and of conscience in particular, had put the weapons of violence, rather than those of truth and reason, into his hand. With them he carved out a crimson road to fame; but he trampled on the liberties of his country! He marches over the arena of history, as an impersonation of civil and religious reform, appealing unhappily to physical force, more than to the understanding or the soul. Not that we presume to pass sentence upon the Long Parliament: far from it; yet we may lament their unhappy necessity; for the sword of warfare is like lightning, the more brilliantly it gleams, the more transcendently fatal are its consequences. Oliver Cromwell, in the very splendor of his usurpation, became an inevitable result of the miserable imposture which set half a nation in array against its sovereign, with an avowal in their mouths that they were fighting in the name of his majesty to overthrow his royal prerogative. Not that the leader of the Ironsides ever lent himself to such a delusion, as we have seen: but he profited by it. He possessed in fact far too keen a dis-

cernment to pawn his mighty energies to pretexts, which folly might see through as it ran. It would have been a blunder, as well as a crime, to have done so. Yet he turned this, as well as all other things, to account. From the wretched habit, sanctioned by religious professors, of thus acting under false pretences, too many parliamentarians became as fanatical as they were courageous. Frames, feelings, visions, impressions, and experiences, enveloped in mistiness and no little imbecility, ten thousand noble notions, and a nucleus of good intentions. Out of such materials the hero of the civil wars enlisted soldiers, and formed them into adherents and followers. The holy principles of evangelical religion thus grew into an irresistible talisman of secular power. He exercised his men by day, and prayed or corresponded with saints as well as sinners, by night. His mind, like an enormous spider, wrapt itself in the centre of an immense webwork of sympathies, whence it could both discern and play upon the nerves of an entire nation. Females would often transmit him their fancies, remonstrances, or condolences; and right well he understood, through their warm, yet fond affections, how to reach and control the passions of the stronger sex. Take, as examples, his letters to Walter Cradock, Rice Williams, or Mary Natherway, names now obscure, but then carrying weight and influence amongst large congregations, and even political circles. For a single specimen of such sort of intercourse, we extract *verbatim et literatim*, a brief epistle from the last-mentioned lady to the great lord-general, in his full career of temporal glory: ‘Dere ‘and Honnored Sur in the Lord,—Having travelled with the ‘peeple of God in spretual labore, and haveing now bine a letel ‘refreshed with God’s renewed power and presents amongs the ‘golden candelsticks, I have med bold to writ this few lynes to ‘you, wherin I desir to bless God for his Marsy to youre poor ‘soule, that was so much compast about with gret temtations. ‘This is one thing I desir of you, to demolish thos monstres ‘which arr set up as ornaments in Privy Gardens. Truly Sur, ‘we stand on the see of glase: O that we may have the harps of ‘God in our hands, and may be in readinesse when our Lord ‘shale apear, for his apearing is near. Blessed is he that is ‘sealed, and hath oyle in his vessel. Remember me to dere Mr. ‘Cradock.’ His biographer justly remarks, that here we see him at once one with all. The imagination may picture him with a sermon for the serious, a prayer for the prayerful, a jest whenever needful for the merry-hearted, and an exposition sufficiently long for the most long-winded puritan of his acquaintance. His eyes, moreover, were fountains of tears at all times and in all places. They were the sponges of a supple conscience. The author of Killing no Murder shrewdly bantered him, ‘as having ‘found indeed that in godliness there is great gain; and that

‘preaching and praying well managed will obtain other kingdoms ‘as well as that of heaven!’ Was he suspected, as every now and then he was, either by parliament, or his officers, or his friends, or his own family, of seeking his private interests to the sacrifice of the great cause:—why then down upon his knees would he go, with such upturning of his extraordinary features, such an uplifting of his hands towards heaven, such floods of streaming sorrow bedewing his cheeks, that Sir Harbottle Grimstone declares, there was no standing before it. Harrison, Bradshawe, and the best of them were deceived successfully for years. Or if in camp, or cabinet, he would lay aside every symptom of sanctity, and act the buffoon or boor, for hours at a time, it must always be recollected, that he thus accommodated himself only to another characteristic of the generation he was born amongst, and whose follies he was imitating or indulging for some specific purpose; that amidst the innumerable and ever varying phases of human nature, he might ride upon the necks of his fellows, and yoke them to his scheme of power. We admit, however, that it could not be said of him *Quò nihil popularius erat, quibus artibus petierat magistratus, iisdem gerebat.*

For some period after the battle of Worcester, Cromwell still remained *to all appearance* only a private individual, with no other charge than as lord-general of the army, and a member of the Council of State: yet nevertheless he was in fact already dictator to the Commonwealth, with an authority single and absolute. Amidst all his glory he now demonstrated himself a second-rate politician in comparison with Sir Harry Vane. For ‘the political ‘struggles of a great character are for the future rather than the ‘present; as the petty squabbles of party are for the present, and ‘never for the future.’ On the 20th of April, 1653, he forcibly dissolved the Long Parliament, and threw off all disguise. He appropriated, moreover, to himself their whole harvest of praise; and strange to say, history has hitherto favored him in so doing. The Commonwealth had subdued its enemies in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Royalism neither moved a wing, nor peeped, nor muttered; except about a few occasional and wretched schemes for assassination. Popular liberty appeared to be established, and certainly might have been so in its permanence. Portugal was as humble as a slave; France and Spain vied for priority in submissiveness to the foreign policy of the British Republic; and Holland was surrendering the trident of the ocean into our hands. Its finance had afforded as much general satisfaction as such matters can ever be expected to do. The chief sources of revenue were five according to Forster, who should have stated them as six;—namely, the excise; the customs; the monthly assessments; sales of public property; sequestrations; and the Post Office. Pym had introduced the first; and to Edmund

Prideaux we are indebted for the last; then producing about £10,000 per annum. Excise and customs averaged a million sterling from 1650 to the Restoration. The monthly assessments were, for England about £40,000 per mensem, for Scotland £6,000, and for Ireland £9,000; in all about £660,000 per annum on a peace establishment; for on one of war it was double that amount. Sales and sequestrations might be worth about £400,000 more; so that the entire annual revenues may be mentioned at about two millions sterling, apart from belligerent or extraordinary demands. The Council of State had appointed the judges *quamdiu se bene gesserint*, instead of the iniquitous old axiom of the Stuarts, *durante bene placito*! The Court of Wards, with some other feudalisms, also fell to the ground. Religious toleration made considerable strides; and would have gone forward had the usurper lived, for in this remarkable respect he went beyond his era. Many legal reforms had followed; as to which senators in the nineteenth century have so much to learn and unlearn! Such was the government which a successful soldier annihilated in form, as well as in spirit, substituting himself with all his selfishness, in its stead. He had been the moving will of it for eighteen months; but he now boldly spoke out before the world, 'Moi,—c'est l'état!' It might have been said that the pear was in a splendid state for picking, for there then lay in the public treasury upwards of £500,000, besides the value of £700,000 more in the arsenals and magazines! He now established a new Council of State, consisting of himself and twelve other persons, eight military officers and four civilians; so there were no less than three several executive powers,—himself,—his new Council of State,—and his old Council of Officers. All manner of reports prevailed; and as might have been expected, all manner of confusion. Meanwhile one constellation alone culminated. The lord-general 'never seemed to wear such gracious aspects of 'humility and godliness as at this peculiar time; his prayers had 'peculiar relish in them, and a most extraordinary fervor; his 'preachings also were very frequent in the councils; and it was 'the report of men more immediately about his person, in confidential relations, that he had certainly of late *received absolute 'communications from the Holy Spirit!*

Alas! for the poor nation, which in setting up its idol almost courted the deception it swallowed. Soon after the expulsion of Bradshawe and Vane, came the Little Parliament, nicknamed from Barebones,—or, as it ought to be written, Barbone, one of the members for London; and manifesting, through that very incident, how a purposely deliberate misnomer may exercise portentous influence on the memory of an assembly by no means despicable in itself, but merely made to seem so in being thus connected with some abstraction

of the contemptible. The researches of Godwin and others have put to flight a host of idle stories respecting this rather notorious conclave. It just survived to produce what its author desired; a formal and open surrender of their legislative functions once more into his own hands, that 'he might ascend the chair of the protectorate as indeed the saviour of the state, the guardian of her interests, the sole apparent refuge of her civil and religious institutions, the composer of her quarrels and confusion, the harbinger of order and peace.' His favorite policy was to win open trust, and pay it back with secret treachery. Hence the main outlines of his conduct in summoning any pretended representatives of the people at all: hence the ingenuity with which he managed to raise against them, through their own measures, the officials of the army and navy, the courts of judicature, as well as all other class-interests: hence too the affectation of surprise and reluctance with which he submitted to the act or instrument of government which constituted him Lord Protector of the realms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, with the dominions thereunto belonging! He was installed in Westminster Hall on the 16th of December, 1653, with every heraldic display of regal pomp and splendor.

Meanwhile, and previous to this memorable piece of jugglery, the British fleets under Monk and Blake had beaten De Ruyter, De Witt, and Evertsens. The second naval victory over Van Tromp completed our maritime superiority: so that London was convulsed with joy, and prepared to look indulgently upon almost any freak of their existing governors. John Lilburne, moreover, had passed over to Holland, and very obligingly offered the half frantic royalists there, to destroy both Cromwell and his supporters for ten thousand pounds! After the dispersion of the Long Parliament, he altered his mind, and offered his humblest allegiance to that same individual, whom he had just before pledged himself to destroy: and upon the strength of this last offer, ventured upon an unsanctioned return into England, although his letters to the Council in London had never received any answer. He had been banished for seditious practices by those statesmen whom his highness the now Lord Protector had recently expelled from their seats: but on his arrival he was arrested, and committed to Newgate. Then ensued his trial, and the first palpable development of the retributive mischiefs attendant upon usurpation. The dilemma was to ascertain upon what authority the demagogue had been exiled. With the substance of the Long Parliament all shadow of legal government had perished. 'Doubts arose between the justice and the thief; the question of identity became a question of indifference; and in the same proportion as Cromwell might be held to represent the authority by which he claimed the forfeit life of Lilburne, did

‘the shouts of the apprentices of London represent the voice of the English people. *The true England was silent as the true statesman.* Yet Cromwell was troubled, when those shouts reached him in Whitehall. It is the unhappy consequence of a great man’s playing a mean part, that mean men may become suddenly, though for a brief space, respected and respectable. ‘A lion in the skin of an ass gives propriety and elevation to an ass in his own skin.’ Other conspiracies soon followed in rapid succession; affording thereby fresh ground for hastening forward an open devolution of all authority upon the dictator of the day. The Instrument of Government appointed him to his sovereign office for life. Writs and commissions were to run in his name. He was the source of honors and magistracy; with a command over the military and naval forces, and a power to make peace or declare war. The army was limited to 10,000 cavalry, and 20,000 infantry. Parliaments were to be triennial, and to consist of 400 members for England and Wales, with thirty for Scotland, and thirty more for Ireland. An estate real or personal of £200 in value formed an electoral qualification. Until the meeting of the first session in September, 1654, ‘the Protector and his Council might have power to raise money for the public defence, and make such laws and ordinances as the welfare of the nation should require.’ This council, by the way, was to consist of not less than thirteen, nor more than twenty-one, and was of course so carefully composed of those on whom the Protector could depend, that its value as a substantial check to his autocracy was just nothing. Cromwell lost no time in removing all his family to the palace at Whitehall, and reviving the various forms of monarchy; such as issuing new patents to the judges, as on the occasion of a succession to the crown!

He then nominated his cabinet and court. Lawrence, Thurlow, Frost, Meadows, and Milton, were amongst those in office. The quarterly expenditure of his household was settled at £35,000. The laws relating to high treason underwent modification, so as to suit the new order of affairs. Henry Cromwell was sent into Ireland, and Monk into Scotland, to deal upon the spot with any defections. Troops were effectually transferred into districts where there appeared the slightest chance of resistance. He suppressed Gerrard’s conspiracy with a promptitude and severity which overawed the disaffected; whilst, on the same day, and on the same scaffold, the brother of the Portuguese ambassador forfeited his head, for a murder in the metropolis, ‘amidst the approving shouts of an immense crowd, who had gathered to witness the scene of terrible retribution.’ The three kingdoms, as well as all Europe trembled. Representatives from foreign states thronged to the court of the protectorate; the saloons and anterooms of which were filled with their hopes and

fears. No cost, or magnificence, or august ceremonial was spared on such occasions. His highness received them in his splendid Banqueting Room, where a chair of state was placed on a platform, raised with three steps above the floor. 'They were instructed to make three reverences, one at the entrance, the second in the midway, and the third at the lower step, to each of which Cromwell answered by a slight inclination of the head. When they had delivered their speeches, and received the reply of the Protector, the same ceremonial was repeated at their departure. On one occasion, he was requested to permit the gentlemen attached to the embassy to kiss his hand; but he advanced to the upper step, bowed to each in succession, waved his hand, and withdrew.' One of the Dutch envoys narrates in a graphic manner the rejoicings throughout the capital on peace being declared with Holland. The lords of the United States were invited to dinner by 'his royal highness the Protector,' and were superbly entertained. The master of the ceremonies fetched them in two grand coaches to Whitehall, where twelve trumpeters were ready sounding against their coming. At the table, his highness sat on one side of it alone; and a band played all the time of the entertainment. Afterwards, the lord Protector had us into another room, where the lady-protectrice and others came to us, and we had also music and voices, and a psalm sung, which his highness gave us, and told us that it was yet the best paper that had been exchanged between us. And from thence we were had into a gallery next the river, where we walked with his highness about half an hour, and then took our leaves, and were conducted back again to our houses after the same manner as we were brought.' Oxford and Cambridge, moreover, wove their choicest flowers of Greek and Latin verse for the garland of victory on this occasion. Whichcote and Cudworth, Owen, Harmer, and Busby, South, and John Locke, all joined in the chorus to flatter Oliver Cromwell. The Cam poured forth its tribute, at his feet, in its *Oliva Pacis ad illustrissimum celsissimumque Oliverum reipublicæ Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ Dominum Protectorem*; nor was the Isis one whit behind in its adulation. The future author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, after comparing him to both Augustus and Julius Cæsar, breaks out into a fervor of praise:

'Tu bellum et pacem populis des, unus utrisque
Major es; ipse orbem vincis et ipse regis!'

On meeting his first parliament, he dwelt in the course of a verbose and cloudy oration upon the success of his foreign policy. The treaties with Holland, Sweden, and Denmark had bound up together the Protestant powers, besides opening most favorable

channels of commerce to the capital and enterprise of England. In Portugal, no British merchant was now amenable to the Inquisition; whilst both France and Spain were ready to wait on his pleasure. The administration of justice, he reminded them, remained in the hands of men of known integrity and ability. A reformation, moreover, had been commenced in the Court of Chancery; so they had 'only to put the top-stone to the work, and make the nation happy.' Scarcely, however, were the first preliminaries over, than Bradshawe headed a fierce opposition resolved to probe to the bottom the entire Instrument of Government. On the fourth day Judge Hale proposed as a compromise that 'the legislative authority should be affirmed to be in the parliament of the people of England, and a single person qualified with such instructions as that assembly should authorise; that the military power for the present should be unequivocally given to the Protector; and that to avoid the perpetuity of parliaments, and other exorbitances in their claims of supremacy, this officer should be allowed such a co-ordination, as might serve for a check in those points.' The republicans agreed to the compromise, but Cromwell rejected it with scorn. He summoned the members to the painted chamber, there rated them severely for their contumacy, and then attempted to purge them on their return, by exacting from each a subscription to the Instrument of Government. Nearly three hundred ultimately signed, although many did so with no little mental reservation. Months of altercation ensued: and he formally dissolved them on the 22nd of January, 1655. No course now remained open but that of an absolute despotism. Plots in plenty exploded on all sides from the republican sections of the army, and the royalists of the northern and western counties. Cromwell crushed them one after another; making use of the agitation produced by them as an apology for his major generals. These were ten or twelve military officers, ostensibly having the management of the militia throughout their respective districts, into which England and Wales were now divided for that purpose. Their public instructions were to suppress insurrections and unlawful assemblies; to watch the Roman Catholics; to exact security for good behaviour from suspected householders; to register the names and circumstances of malignants and aliens; and generally to superintend the police, education, and good order of the counties, towns, and villages, between the Tweed and the Land's End! To superficial observers they seemed no more than a dozen hawks, with sharp eyes and strong talons, on the watch or wing against enemies to the public repose; whilst their genuine character will be better understood from a secret instruction transmitted to each, and signed with the protectoral autograph, to the following effect: 'And you are to observe and obey such direc-

'tions as you shall from time to time receive from ourself!' Here lay the *anguis in herbâ*: and a very peculiar kind of serpent it turned out to be.

One Charles Stuart had lost his life for tyranny, and lo! here rose up a dozen tyrants in his stead. Those evil spirits possessed them, which had been exorcised by the Long Parliament, when it cast down the High Commission Court and the Star Chamber. They carried forward persecuting and cruel inquisitions into any man's life or estate, at their own will and pleasure! They were armed justices, without either juries or assessors, except selfishness, revenge, and rapine might be termed such. Cleaveland, for instance, the royalist poet, had offended the Protector, by opposing him fifteen years before as a candidate for Cambridge, and was now living in obscure but quiet poverty, the change of times having swallowed up his property. The military despot, in whose division Norwich lay, where this ornament of our literature then resided, lost no time in wreaking vengeance upon such an acceptable victim. The famous Jeremy Taylor fared no better: and hundreds of other instances occurred of equal or superior iniquity. Meanwhile Cromwell attempted to stifle every rising complaint by soothing the national pride. Louis the Fourteenth had been but too glad to purchase his alliance, and induce him to break with Spain, by offering him Dunkirk, and the banishment of the Stuarts from Paris. Cromwell therefore equipped the noble fleet for sea, which the Commonwealth had formed for him, upon the principle, as it turned out, of *Sic vos non vobis*. He was moreover very desirous of engaging in active employment Blake, and Pen, and Venables, officers full of patriotism and ability, and not at all disposed to be the passive tools of despotism at home, like his major-generals. The metropolitan pulpits resounded with announcements that Babylon was to be overthrown; so convenient for political purposes has the clamor about No Popery been in all ages. Jamaica was the prize of this expedition; to which island, the Protector, foreseeing the value of his acquisition, ordered his son Henry to transport a thousand Irish girls for the purpose of population! Meanwhile Blake triumphantly cleared the Mediterranean from pirates, and chastised the Deys of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. Reparation was also obtained from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the extent of £60,000, on behalf of British merchants, who had been formerly fleeced under the auspices of that petty potentate, acting under an erroneous idea as to who were the weakest, and who must go to the wall! He then entered upon the still nobler task of avenging the Waldenses. Savoy was obliged to grant them an amnesty for the past, together with a full confirmation of all their ancient privileges for the future. No wonder that the Canton of Zurich appealed to him as the natural guardian of all Protestant states;

for he interfered in favor of some French Huguenots at Nismes, with Cardinal Mazarine, not less effectually than he had done for the Vaudois. The Vaivode of Transylvania solicited his aid against the Turks; the King of Poland against Russia; whilst the Genoese honored the Protectoral court with a special embassy of thanks for the protection and safety afforded to maritime commerce. An old debt of £50,000 was about the same time exacted from Don John at Lisbon: and Captain Staynes falling in with a squadron of Spanish vessels, destroyed four, captured two, and disabled the remainder. One of the two taken proved a galleon, laden with golden ingots and other treasures, estimated at £200,000 !

The Protector, however, found it impossible to go forward much longer without a parliament; so he summoned one to meet on the 17th of December, 1656. Vane now published his *Healing Question*, which produced immense excitement, and lodged its gallant author in custody. Cromwell then met the representatives of the nation, addressed them in a grave homily, and thus concluded his appeal :

‘ I say, look up to God ; have peace among yourselves. Know assuredly that if I have interest, I am *by the voice of the people*, the supreme magistrate ; and it may be, I know somewhat that may satisfy my conscience, if I stood in doubt. But it is an union, really it is an union between you and me, and both of us united in faith and love to Jesus Christ, and to *his peculiar interest in the world*, that must ground this work of government ; and in that, *if I have any peculiar interest that is personal to myself*, that it is not subservient to the public end, it were no extravagant thing for me to curse myself, because I know God will curse me, if I have.’—Vol. ii. p. 333.

And God had cursed him ; for now so thoroughly had he deluded all, that himself was no longer an exception. Let his hypocrisy stand by the side of that which Charles Stuart habitually practised,—and the only difference perceptible will be one not of nature, but of stature ! The king was a dwarf ; the Protector a giant ! At the very moment he was avowing his extraordinary course to be free from personal or peculiar motives, his conduct gave the lie to such an assertion. At the very moment he was discoursing of faith and love to Jesus Christ, he was incarcerating and persecuting his most chosen servants. At the very moment he was presenting himself as the sovereign of popular election, his soldiers were surrounding the House of Commons, to exclude a hundred members, which they did upon that very day. All that followed was the element of order struggling with that of chaos ; for the principle of truth had withdrawn, which could alone have said, ‘ Let there be light ! ’ Questions without beginning or end ; infamous cruelties against Quakerism

and fanaticism, wasted away months and months in fruitless discussions, and sanguinary or absurd proclamations. Cromwell began to be nervous, although he had drugged his conscience to declare, that he could do no wrong; or at least that he could *intend* no wrong. His major-generals were now thrown overboard, as tubs to the popular whale; after which Lambert and the Protector never spoke to each other. The subsequent explosion of the Sexby and Syndercombe plot precipitated a proposal formally made for the first time on the 23rd of February, 1657, that 'the lord Protector should be desired to assume the title of KING, as the best known and most agreeable kind of government to the English.' It is even asserted by Wellwood, that a crown was actually made, and brought to Whitehall! Our biographer justly observes, that in the ensuing 'movements of Oliver, there then lay, could the truth have been unfolded, a bitter agony of pride and mortification of heart beyond any that his worst enemy or victim could have desired to see working within him. A mean and spiritless slave to the vilest passions of overwrought ambition, he stood there within sight of the glittering bauble, for which he had perilled so much, and yet dared not affect to see it.' It is now pretty clear that his courage had fallen into the rear of his wishes. Fleetwood, Desborough, and the other republican officers, discerned his having become 'as another man,' and profited by it accordingly. They turned for once upon the hopes of their master, and appearing at the bar of the House, implored by petition that there might be no drawing back from steadiness to the good old cause! Beyond this moment, the usurper never entertained an idea of succeeding in any further attempts upon the royal title.

The Humble Petition and Advice however passed, for which we refer to the common histories in the possession of almost all readers. Cromwell thereby received permission to nominate his successor, and revive the other house, which was to consist of not fewer than forty, nor more than seventy. These peers were of course to be selected by himself; although, as it proved, their appointment weakened rather than strengthened his administration. He underwent once again the ceremonial of a solemn inauguration in Westminster Hall, on the 26th of June, 1657. Yet from that hour his horizon only became the more overcast. His new lords were ridiculed. The old nobility stood aloof from such names as Pack, and Claypole, and Goff, and Pride, and Jones, and Hewson. The age was still intensely aristocratic. The hundred excluded members from the House of Commons also took their seats; there being no longer any shadow of a pretext for preventing their doing so: but they so strengthened the opposition by their votes and voices, that the arm of protectoral government remained almost paralyzed. Abroad, matters

looked rather better. A new and larger treaty than before was made with Louis the Fourteenth and Cardinal Mazarine; of which the first-fruits were the surrender of Mardyke, then that of Dunkirk, and lastly the showering down of all imaginable distinctions upon Lord Fauconburg, son-in-law to Cromwell. The Grand Seigneur, moreover, even at Constantinople, received such a missive from London with regard to the treatment of an English ship named the Resolution, that justice had to be listened to in the Turkish Divan, to the amazement no doubt of the Vizeer Azem! His parliament at home being more refractory than ever, the Protector dissolved it on the 4th of February, 1658. With that measure expired his political expedients. His treasury stood empty; his armies had received no pay for five and seven months; petitions were on foot in the city and elsewhere to deprive him of his various powers; 'Killing no Murder' had been published, like the whisper of some infernal familiar out of the dust; and conspiracies surrounded him on all sides. Meantime his domestic hearth ceased to be any haven of rest to his worn and wearied mind. His excellent mother had departed; to whom, for a long period, the brewery at Huntingdon would have been a blessed exchange for the splendid miseries of Whitehall. His favorite daughter, Lady Claypole, had begun to estrange herself from his side, through a regard to truth and justice. His son Richard, to whom he desired to leave his protectoral chair, was incapable, he feared too well, to retain it. His old military friends no longer welcomed him; and some of them had engaged against his administration or life. He now wore armour under his clothes; carried pistols in his pockets; multiplied his body-guard; sternly scanned the looks and gestures of those who addressed him; had his carriage surrounded with escorts, and driven with rapidity wherever he went; and constantly changed his bedchamber. He was moreover careful, that besides the principal door, there should be some other egress to promote facilities for escape! What a spectacle of misery and retribution! His biographer eloquently asks, 'What spirit can fight against shadows,—those most terrible shadows, that spring up from the grave of virtue? This hero passed his nights in a state of feverish anxiety; sleep had fled from his pillow; and for more than a year before his death, the absence of rest is always assigned as either the cause which produced or the circumstance which aggravated his numerous ailments.' The Lady Claypole died in the ensuing August.

The next message to his family from the king of terrors was for the Protector himself, now an object of commiseration, one would suppose, to the most callous and hard-hearted adversary, could such an one have beheld him. The death of his daughter rendered darker and more dreary than before whatever might remain to him of existence below. An attack of gout had been

succeeded by slow fever, pronounced by his physicians to be a bastard tertian and intermittent. He is said to have turned pale on hearing this, and to have executed his private will, on retiring to bed. But on the next morning, the 25th of August, having recovered his composure, he expressed to those around him a very strong confidence that he should recover. The fever now became double tertian, and his strength rapidly wasted. On the second of September, delirium oppressed him for some time; when, on a lucid interval occurring, he called on one of his chaplains to read to him that verse from St. Paul to the Philippians, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content; I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' As this fell upon his ear, 'he murmured brokenly forth these inexpressibly touching words, 'This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son . . . died, which went as a dagger to my heart, . . . indeed it did.' Underwood, groom of the bedchamber, relates this, who was present at the scene. The other circumstances of his dissolution have been repeated a thousand times, with innumerable variations, mistakes, and exaggerations. Beyond all question, the wanderings of any light-headed person on a deathbed, under similar peculiarities, would have presented much about the same mixture of confiding buoyancy and religious hallucination. 'I am safe,' he exclaimed, 'for I know that I was once in grace;' Sterry, one of his ministers, having assured him that it was impossible for the real children of God to fall away; which no doubt in a certain sense is perfectly correct. He then alluded in solemn prayer to his being in covenant with God, and his having been made an instrument for rendering his people some service; and there was a most melancholy pensiveness in several of his ejaculations. Stupor again came on; as it were in singular contrast to the storm which raged that night over all England, and indeed nearly all Europe, to the very coasts of the Mediterranean. In London, chimnies were blown down, houses unroofed, streets rendered impassable, and trees torn up by their roots in the parks. Such an uproar of the elements had not been witnessed in the memory of that generation, as that which ushered in the famous third of September, 1658, the anniversary of victories, and the day of death to Oliver Cromwell. He had occasionally uttered a few scarcely audible accents; but on the whole, his state was one of utter insensibility. About four o'clock in the afternoon, his attendants observed that he breathed heavily; when on looking closely into the bed of the Protector, it was discovered that his mighty spirit had passed away.

We have already exceeded our limits, and therefore must not dwell upon his character. It is one of those which few people can contemplate without reflecting upon it their personal or party predilections. Some laud him to the skies, without being able to

perceive his defects and blemishes : others never pass his name without imitating those Mussulmen, who in a certain Arabian valley always throw a stone, being persuaded that they are casting it at Satan. The execrable meanness manifested after the Restoration towards his mortal remains has been often perpetrated towards his memory and achievements, by those who ought to know better. Yet who can be ignorant as to the class to which such animals belong, who lift up their heels against the lords of the forest, when the mane of their magnificence lies prostrate in the dust? We have endeavored to do our best to be impartial; and rather to aim at letting his own deeds tell his own story. Much, very much no doubt depends upon the point from whence these are surveyed. We admit that Oliver Cromwell was more than worth nine-tenths of that *vulgum pecus*, whose lot it has been to wear crowns or coronets for the devastation of their species. Yet Walter Savage Landor affirms, and our biographer calls it a terrible and indisputable truth, that 'he lived a hypocrite and 'died a traitor !' It would be an arduous and hopeless labor, we fear, to disprove this altogether ; for though his earlier services to his country were most meritorious and beneficial, his genius failed to seize and hold futurity, and in his dissolution their glory and results expired. We see nothing in the nature of things to have hindered him from being a George Washington, except the absence of sufficient magnanimity and disinterestedness for that purpose. His spiritual knowledge and experience were far superior to those of the American hero; and to whom much is given, of them will much be required. Wherever religion embarks at all upon the ocean of human politics and passions, it ought at least to hold the helm of the vessel in which it sails; nor permit even its nominal professors to look one way and row another. The Protector from a certain period of his life acknowledged the force of what are termed evangelical principles; and by them therefore he must be tried. Liberals ought to be as careful and faithful in denouncing the delinquencies of the conqueror of Dunbar and Worcester,—as conservatives should be in performing the same part towards Charles the First and Charles the Second. If the latter fail in their office, it furnishes no excuse for the former, whenever as public critics they are called upon to exercise public justice. The rights of man are so closely connected with the word of God, and the interests of everlasting truth, that invasions of the first pretty generally involve violations of the last; or *vice versa*. Large allowance must undoubtedly be made in individual cases for individual circumstances; and how far some secret germ of occasional derangement may have possibly warped his moral perceptions, and thereby affected his moral responsibilities, is hardly within the province of any human observer to discern, much less to decide. The grand lesson to

we learned from his character and history is the loathsomeness of every thing in ethics which stands opposed to that noble axiom of antiquity, *Esse quam videri*; as also the fearful perilousness of a nation appealing to force even for the recovery or preservation of its liberties. We do not of course say that this is never to be done; but only that the experiment must always of necessity be a most fearful one. Whoever promotes, therefore, the cause of general education, founded upon sound, practical, scriptural principles, is doing more to benefit his fellow creatures, and arm them with those weapons in defence of freedom against which oppression will never in the end be able to prevail, than if ten thousand founderies were filling the arsenals of the world with cannon, or supplying the Buonapartes or Esparteros of our age with materials for adding to their respective histories another Oliver Cromwell.

Art. II. *The Thousand and One Nights, commonly called in England The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A new Translation from the Arabic, with copious Notes.* By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Author of 'The Modern Egyptians.' Illustrated by many hundred Engravings on wood, from Original Designs by William Harvey. In three volumes, royal 8vo. London: C. Knight and Co. 1839—40.

AS this splendid work is so rapidly approaching completion—not less than five-sixths of it having been published—we deem it quite time to give a fuller account of its general character and merits than has hitherto appeared in our pages. We have already, according to the intention expressed when the first number appeared, noticed the work at various stages of its progress, and shall reserve to ourselves the liberty of pronouncing a similar judgment, at its completion, on the numbers not yet published. We have no reason to believe that such judgment will be less favorable than that we feel compelled to pronounce on the portions already offered to the public.

Essential unity amidst circumstantial variety, which has been rightly said to characterise the material universe, equally characterises that of mind. The literature of different nations, like the productions of individual genius in any one nation, are marked by endless diversities. These diversities, however, are still restricted within certain limits; the great principles which regulate composition in general, as well as those varieties of it, the character of which is determined by the specific object which the writer may have in view, are still preserved. The conditions on which the

intellect, the imagination, or the emotions of mankind must be appealed to, and which are everywhere essentially the same, simply because man is everywhere essentially the same, must be complied with. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the affinities and resemblances between any two great intellects of the same class, or even of different classes, are still more striking and numerous than their diversities. It is with minds as with faces and persons: the latter may be distinguished from one another by the most obvious peculiarities, and yet must be referred to the same class by resemblances still more obvious. What two writers can be more diverse than Milton and Pope? and yet from both, the critic might adduce endless examples in illustration of all the principal laws and conditions which every poet must observe; of the proprieties which must belong to poetical composition in general, or to those varieties of it to which each of these great writers more especially addicted himself. In one and all who comply with the essential conditions above adverted to, we may look for points of similarity far more striking and numerous than those by which they are distinguished from one another. Whatever diversities of form such writers may exhibit, from original differences of mental structure, or the various modes of thought and feeling to which circumstances have habituated them, and which render their original characteristics still more strong and deep, essential identity will still be seen. The face may be different, but it is still *human*. Thus in the compositions of all great genius there will, as has been often truly said, be nature; but nature in two different senses; there will be that nature which is common to *all* men, which obeys the laws of general criticism, and to which the heart of universal humanity in all ages has so readily responded; and there will also be the nature of the *individual*; nature as modified by the peculiarities of each man's mental structure and by the circumstances under which his intellect has been developed. If a man observe the first of these, we say that he possesses taste; if even in *naturally* following the second, he violate the first, we say that he is destitute of taste; for it makes little difference in our judgment whether his error be the involuntary result of an ill-constructed or viciously cultivated intellect, or whether it is caused by ambition, wilfulness, vanity, or affectation. Thus we pronounce the extravagancies of Jeremy Taylor, and the ambitious finery of men of no genius at all, gross deviations alike from true taste; though the one be, often at least, honest errors, and the other wilful and impudent offences.

Similar observations apply to the diversities of national literature. But while essential unity is still preserved, the circumstantial variety is found, as might rationally be expected, to range within wider limits. We expect to find not only what is

common to man, and what is peculiar to the individual, but what is characteristic of the tribe or nation, and which is the result of the peculiar, and, to other nations, strange and novel circumstances under which the intellect has been developed, and its habits and associations formed. These circumstances are much more numerous, and much more powerful in different nations than they can possibly be in different individuals of the same nation, however different their profession, occupation, or rank in life. We are to take into account not only the original diversities of mind, which are as numerous as minds themselves, and the circumstances which variously mould any two minds of the same tribe or nation, but the immensely greater differences produced by the difference of race, religion, customs, manners, dress, natural scenery, and national or local traditions. Hence the diversities of style observed in two writers of the same kind in different countries, are much greater than those found in two writers of the same kind in the same country. The combined influence of all the circumstances to which we have referred, and which determine the national modes of thought and expression, issues in what is called the *national* taste; and he who is true to this (that is, he who is so far *natural*), and yet preserves the general characteristics of human nature, ought no more to be charged with want of taste because he does not write as we do, than ought Milton or Pope, because the one does not write like the other. It is our part to make the requisite allowance for the circumstances under which the author has written; and so far from charging him with a want of taste because he does not comply with the conditions of *our* national taste, we ought rather to charge it upon him, if we found him doing so. This is, indeed, a difficult lesson, and comparatively few can receive it; but it is nevertheless that catholic spirit of criticism, which it behoves all to cultivate who would form not merely a charitable but a true judgment of the merits of foreign writers. To practise it, however, requires a little philosophy, a comprehensive knowledge not merely of human nature in general, but of the diversities of form it is capable of assuming, a resolute determination not to yield to the first shock of prejudice, nor to be offended at modes of thought and expression which appear to us strange merely because we are unaccustomed to them; it implies also some little familiarity with the customs, manners, modes of social life, and natural scenery from which illustrations are borrowed. He who enters upon the study of foreign literature in such a philosophic spirit as this will rarely find his patience unrewarded. What was at first obscure will become plain; what seemed absurd will be found not destitute of grace and beauty; expressions which appeared bald and unmeaning are seen often to conceal some subtle humor under an appearance of extreme naiveté; metaphors which dis-

gusted from their monstrous extravagance are viewed with tolerance, either as still harmonising with the national laws of taste—although we may justly flatter ourselves that we live under better—or because perceived to be monstrous in our eyes only because we are unfamiliar to them.—In reality they may be no bolder than many in our own language. There is a constant tendency in all classes of figurative expressions to lose their intensity by use; and hence there are in every language multitudes of tropes which though originally of the most daring character, have past into common expressions, and in the same manner, it is perceived that what at first appeared loose and unconnected is not so in reality, and that though the transitions in the order of thought may be more subtle than we should expect to find amongst our own writers, still they are there. Improbabilities of fiction again are tolerated when it is recollected that they must assume a very different appearance to those to whom the supernatural in its most extravagant forms is matter of belief, and not simply of imagination; and a further allowance is made when we call to mind that we do not deem the creations of our elder poets destitute of beauty because they deal with warlocks and fairies, though we may admit that we cannot read them with that vivid interest which they inspired in our superstitious forefathers.*

The further we go from home—the more distant the nations whose literature is submitted to us, the more striking do the diversities of national taste appear, and the more necessary that catholic spirit of criticism on which we have been insisting. When we once get beyond the limits of the European family of nations, it is impossible to proceed a step without its aid: without it almost every composition will be laid down with disgust. In the perusal of no literature is it more imperiously necessary than in the perusal of that of the oriental nations. Separated from us by so wide an interval of race and language, living in climates and amidst scenery so different from our own, under governments and laws so strikingly dissimilar, with domestic and social

* 'In many of the notes,' says our editor, 'I endeavor to show, by extracts from esteemed Arabic histories and scientific and other writings, chiefly drawn from MSS. in my possession, as well as by assertions and anecdotes that I have heard, and conduct that I have witnessed, during my intercourse with Arabs, that the most extravagant relations in this work are not in general regarded, even by the educated classes of that people, as of an incredible nature. This is a point which I deem of much importance to set the work in its proper light before my countrymen. I have resided in a land where genii are still firmly believed to obey the summons of the magician or the owner of a talisman, and to act in occurrences of every day; and I have listened to stories of their deeds related as facts by persons of the highest respectability, and by some who would not condescend to read the tales of 'The Thousand and One Nights' merely because they are fictions, and not written in the usual polished style of literary compositions.'

institutions, costume and manners entirely different, it is by no means surprising that national taste should assume a totally distinct form; that their literature should abound in allusions and figures as novel to us as are the objects and the scenery in which they originate—in maxims and proverbs as strange as the institutions and habits in which they took their rise—and in modes of speech bearing the impress of the manners and feelings of those who utter them.

Of all the productions of oriental genius none have been made so familiar to the European mind as that which stands at the head of this article, recommended to us by an entirely new translation from the hand of one of the first Arabic scholars of the day, by every advantage of form and typography, and by unrivalled pictorial embellishments. The old version, insufficient as it was, has long been the delight of Europe, but it must now inevitably yield to this vigorous successor. Indeed, we may be allowed to express our surprise that it could ever have become so popular. We are free to confess that until Mr. Lane's translation was put into our hands, we never could get through more than a few of the 'Thousand and One Nights;' the generality of them appeared to us inexpressibly tedious. This we now attribute, in no small degree, to the very qualities in the old version by which, in the opinion of many, the original had been *improved*. The fact is, the original was in a great degree lost; the peculiarities of the oriental style were not to be found; peculiarities, which tend so much to relieve the intelligent reader, and give the work an appearance of *naturalness*. Nothing was left to relieve the tedium of the endless series of monstrous portents and childish superstitions. In short, it was an injudicious exhibition of the substance of oriental fictions in a European dress. Incongruity was the natural consequence; and thus what in Mr. Lane's version often appears only *natural* in relation to the writer, and under all the given circumstances, seems in the older version, unmitigated absurdity. So much depends upon a foreign literature appearing in its native costume. In Mr. Lane's case the full peculiarities of the eastern style are preserved, and we could almost imagine an oriental addressing us, only in English instead of Arabic. In Galland's version these peculiarities are often entirely lost, and the consequence is we merely have an absurd story insipidly told. The full meaning of what has just been said can be understood only by those who will take the pains to compare a few pages of the two versions together. This will at once disclose the differences to which we advert more clearly than any attempt to enumerate them. One of these points, however, we may mention by way of example. Every one knows that one of the most common peculiarities of the oriental style consists of a simple reference to some external action, object, or circumstance as the representation

and index of some feeling, habit, or moral quality, leaving the inference to be drawn by the sagacity of the reader. Galland often thinks needful to translate these graphic symbols into their literal and unfigurative meaning, or to amplify and overlay them with a diffuse interpretation. By this means, one of the chief and most characteristic features of the original is lost or diminished, and a brief apologue expanded into tediousness. The difference may no doubt in part be owing to the fact that Mr. Lane has translated from a much better MS., but it cannot be wholly or even chiefly attributed to this circumstance.

The defects of Galland's version were copied of course into the English, which was mere translation from the French. Under no circumstances would the French language be particularly adapted to convey the force of the original; but a still further version from it was certainly not likely to diminish its defects. In truth our version did not deserve to be called a translation at all. It was merely a translation of a translation, and that not a good one.

With respect to the assertion that M. Galland's version had *improved* the original by extinguishing many of its characteristic features, and adapting it to European taste, we must be allowed to say again, that we think this any thing but an improvement. European taste may be better abstractedly than the oriental, but it by no means follows that an oriental fiction in a European dress will be the better for being so exhibited, any more than it follows that because good wine may be better than good beer, the beer will be improved by mixing it with the wine. Pope has given us almost a new poem in his version of Homer, but no one ever supposes that Homer is improved by it. The translator is pardoned only from the impossibility of adequately representing the old Grecian in his majestic simplicity. But on the subject of M. Galland's defects, we must permit Mr. Lane to speak for himself.

'My undertaking to translate anew the tales of 'The Thousand and One Nights' implies an unfavorable opinion of the version which has so long amused us; but I must express my objections with respect to the latter in plain terms, and this I shall do by means of a few words on the version of Galland, from which it is derived; for to him alone its chief faults are to be attributed. I am somewhat reluctant to make this remark, because several persons, and among them some of deserved and high reputation as Arabic scholars, have pronounced an opinion that his version is an *improvement* upon the original. That the 'Thousand and One Nights' may be greatly improved, I most readily admit; but as confidently do I assert that Galland has excessively *perverted* the work. His acquaintance with Arab manners and customs was insufficient to preserve him always from errors of the grossest description; and by the style of his version, he has given to the whole

a false character, thus sacrificing, in a great measure, what is most valuable in the original work,—I mean its minute accuracy with respect to those peculiarities which distinguish the Arabs from every other nation not only of the west but also of the east.'

—*Translator's Preface.*

As in the case of the earliest specimens of the literature of other countries, there has been abundant controversy as to the date at which these tales were composed or compiled, and the modifications and changes through which they may have passed. Every one knows the disputes which have arisen as to the date and origin of the Homeric poems. Modern criticism has even gone such lengths as to doubt whether Homer ever existed—whether the poems which go under his name were not the productions of different bards of different periods, and whether they are to be considered in any other light than as compilations. Somewhat similar have been the controversies respecting the origin of the *Arabian Nights*. Mr. Lane says that he does 'not regard the work as wholly original; that many of the tales it contains are doubtless of different and early origin; and that its general plan is probably borrowed from a much older production bearing the same title of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' a translation of a Persian work having a corresponding title, namely *Hezar Afsaneh*.' Von Hammer appears to have the merit of having first pointed out the fact that an archetype of the present work had ever existed. That writer founded his supposition on a passage of *El-Mes'oodi's History*, entitled 'The Golden Meadows,' written about the year of the Flight 333, or A.D. 944—5. This passage distinctly states that the Persian work in question was translated into Arabic, and was called by the Arabs 'The Thousand and One Nights,' or as in some copies, 'The Thousand Nights.' This passage has been considered by many, and amongst the rest by the eminent orientalist De Sacy, an interpolation. Mr. Lane, however, remarks that he has known it wanting only in one copy; and that even if we regard it, from this and other circumstances as suspicious, it cannot have been an interpolation of a very late date. He goes on to say that, 'assuming it either to be authentic or of a very early date, one thing is certain; that the 'Thousand and One Nights' translated from the Persian was much older than the work now known by that title, and also extremely different from the latter;' that while its introduction and general plan appear to have been imitated, it must have wanted all the *purely Arab* tales (in general the best of the present series), and in the description of manners and customs must have differed in entirely.

Mr. Lane then proceeds to consider whether the present 'Thousand and One Nights' became gradually altered, aug-

mented, and improved at various different periods. While this is the opinion of several eminent orientals, Mr. Lane signifies his entire dissent from it, and that chiefly for two reasons; first, from the uniform character of the social condition described in almost all the tales in every copy, and secondly, from the fact 'that we find no Arab tales of a similar kind to those in the present series in any other work (excepting such as are known to be of a very late date), and those 'in which genii play the most conspicuous parts.' Other reasons for the same opinion Mr. Lane intends to subjoin at the close of his translation. The argument for the contrary theory, founded upon the differences observable in the copies now known, Mr. Lane disposes of very satisfactorily. He says that the discrepancies in question are no other than those which often exist in two or more copies of other eastern works committed to memory by the public reciters. 'I have been informed,' he tells us, 'that these persons 'are often employed to dictate the contents of the above-mentioned works to those who desire to restore them to writing, 'and frequently copies are made from a number of fragments, 'and the *lacunæ* filled up by the assistance of the public reciter, 'or, by the invention or choice of the copyist. A bookseller in 'Cairo, when I was in that city, was busily employed for several 'months in endeavoring to make up a copy of the 'Thousand and 'One Nights' in this manner, which he would have found an 'easy task some years before, when the tales which compose it 'were publicly recited in the streets of that city.' Mr. Lane further thinks that the discrepancies in question may be in part accounted for by the fact, that books in Egypt are generally left *unsewed*, five sheets, or double leaves, being usually placed together, one within another. These compose what is denominated a 'karras,' and a very common consequence, as might be expected, is that a 'karras' now and then is lost. In these ways, Mr. Lane thinks it is not difficult to account for transpositions, for differences in the divisions of the nights, and for the introduction of new stories. Mere differences of *style* in different copies he explains by the necessity of adapting the language to the dialect of a particular country. These very varieties of style, however, Mr. Lane adduces as an argument for the comparatively early date of this work, the Arabs not being in the habit of thus tampering with their classical works, amongst which no sheykh includes 'The Thousand and One Nights.' Its style, says our author, is neither classical, as some Europeans have supposed, nor is it, as others have imagined, that of familiar conversation.

As to the number of authors employed in this celebrated compilation, Mr. Lane's opinion may be gathered from the above remarks. He sees no weighty reasons against the supposition

that it was commenced and completed by one author, or, at least, that one man completed what another commenced ; in other words, that no long interruption occurred in the progress of the work.

As to the date of the work, our translator thinks that some of the earlier stories bear incontestable evidence of having been written at least as late as the latter half of the ninth century of the Flight, or the latter half of the fifteenth century of our era ; and that none were written later than the tenth century of the Flight, or the sixteenth of our era ; and that these dates are at all events the utmost limits of the period during which the work was being composed. This of course does not militate against the supposition that many of the tales in this collection are in their substance older than the actual compilation. Many of them Mr. Lane believes to be founded upon very old traditions and legends ; but he at the same time believes all these traditions or legends to have been remodelled so as to suit the state of Egyptian society and manners at the period at which the compilation was made, and further, that the compiler, if only one, or each compiler, if more than one, was an Egyptian. Mr. Lane fortifies his opinion by external as well as by internal evidence.

The text from which Mr. Lane has translated is that of the Cairo edition recently printed, which, he says, is greatly superior to every other printed edition, and probably to every manuscript copy ; it agrees almost exactly with the celebrated MS. of Von Hammer. The manuscript from which this edition was printed was collated and edited by a very learned Arab, who also superintended the work through the press. In addition to all this, Mr. Lane has enjoyed a further advantage ; the copy from which he has worked, has been revised, corrected, and illustrated by a person who in his opinion may be pronounced ' the first philologist of the first Arab college of the present day—the Sheykh 'Mohammad 'Eiyád Et-Tantáwee.' Altogether, therefore, it is impossible that a translator could have set about such a task under greater external advantages.

Mr. Lane's personal qualifications for this work are such as will not shame them. He is known to be an accomplished Arabic scholar—most intimate, by long personal residence, with the customs, manners, habits, and institutions of the Egyptians, and the author of a very copious and learned work on this subject. ' I consider myself,' he modestly says, ' possessed of the chief qualifications for the proper accomplishment of my present undertaking from my having lived several years in Cairo, associating almost exclusively with the Arabs, speaking their language, conforming to their general habits with the most scrupulous exactitude, and received into their society on terms of perfect equality.'

Of the merits of his translation, philologically considered, we

must confess ourselves no competent judges; but, as we have already remarked, it bears every internal evidence of the most perfect accuracy and fidelity.

We rejoice to see that Mr. Lane has 'thought it right to omit 'such tales, anecdotes, &c., as are comparatively uninteresting or 'on any account objectionable;' while certain passages of an improper character have been slightly varied. We can bear witness to the great superiority of his translation in this as in other respects to that of M. Galland, although we should not have objected to a still further use in some cases of the liberty he has so rationally asserted.

Every chapter of the work is illustrated by most copious and valuable notes on eastern manners and customs, full of curious information, and often enriched by apologues, fables, and stories from more recent works. Many of these are in the highest degree amusing, though the generality are certainly inferior to those of the 'Thousand and One Nights.'

Considered in connexion with the copious notes and illustrations, and the unrivalled pictorial embellishments, we do not regard the work as one of mere amusement. As such, indeed, it will continue to be read; but it will also subserve other and higher purposes. We are inclined to think that an intelligent reader, with such a commentary and such embellishments, may acquire from it a much clearer notion of oriental manners, customs, and scenery than from the most judicious books of travels ever written. Nor is this all; we verily believe the Biblical student may gather from this work more vivid ideas of those oriental peculiarities, a knowledge of which is essential to a right understanding, or, at all events, clear perception of the force of innumerable passages of sacred writ, than from any professed compilation on the subject. Similar valuable lessons may be learned from the very style of the 'Tales' themselves; preserving, as they now do, in Mr. Lane's translation, all the essential peculiarities of the oriental manner. It is true, indeed, that in Scripture, as might be expected, there is a majestic simplicity, a grandeur and sublimity that can never be even approached in any merely human composition, and it is certainly not in 'The Thousand and One Nights' that we should look for such qualities. But in many other respects, the oriental style in all its forms possesses the same peculiarities, and the more familiar we become with them, the better shall we be able to appreciate the full force of the scriptural style; for we need not say that the inspired writers, *though* inspired, have still retained and exhibited all the principal peculiarities of speech which belonged to their tribe and country.

Before proceeding to speak of the merits of the pictorial embellishments (which in consideration of their extraordinary merit we shall do at some length), we shall give some slight specimens

of the manner in which Mr. Lane has executed his task. From the 'Tales' themselves we shall content ourselves with selecting a single example. Few of them are sufficiently brief to be extracted entire. There is one, however, which admits of this; and though perhaps as widely known as any of 'The Thousand and One Tales,' it is of such merit, and derives such additional interest from Mr. Lane's racy and idiomatic translation, that we doubt not our readers will heartily thank us for its insertion. It is full of subtle and curious humor, and contains more than one very excellent moral, which we need not stay to point out. It is the tale of the Merchant, the Ass, the Bull, and the Cock, and deserves to be called the prince of all 'Cock and Bull' stories.

'Know, O my daughter, said the Wezeer, that there was a certain merchant who possessed wealth and cattle, and had a wife and children; and God, whose name be exalted, had also endowed him with the knowledge of the languages of beasts and birds. The abode of this merchant was in the country; and he had in his house an ass and a bull. When the bull came to the place where the ass was tied up, he found it swept and sprinkled; and in his manger were sifted barley and sifted cut straw, and the ass was lying at his ease; his master being accustomed only to ride him occasionally, when business required, and soon to return: and it happened one day that the merchant overheard the bull saying to the ass, May thy food benefit thee! I am oppressed with fatigue while thou art enjoying repose: thou eatest sifted barley, and men serve thee; and it is only occasionally that thy master rides thee, and returns; while I am continually employed in ploughing, and in turning the mill. The ass answered, When thou goest out into the field, and they place the yoke upon thy neck, lie down, and do not rise again, even if they beat thee; or if thou rise lie down a second time; and when they bring thee back and place thy beans before thee, eat them not, as though thou wert sick: abstain from eating and drinking a day, or two days, or three; and so shalt thou find rest from labor and trouble. Accordingly when the driver came to the bull with his fodder, he scarcely ate any of it; and on the morrow, when the driver came again to take him to plough, he found him apparently quite infirm: so the merchant said, take the ass and make him draw the plough in his stead all day. The man did so, and when the ass returned at the close of day, the bull thanked him for the favor he had conferred upon him by relieving him of his trouble on that day; but the ass returned him no answer, for he repented most grievously. On the next day the ploughman came again, and took the ass, and ploughed with him till evening; and the ass returned with his neck flayed with the yoke, and reduced to a state of extreme weakness; and the bull looked upon him, and thanked and praised him. The ass exclaimed, I was living at ease, and naught but my meddling has injured me! Then said he to the bull, Know that I am one who would give thee good advice: I heard our master say, if the bull will not rise from his stall, take him to the butcher, that he may kill him, and

make a nata of his skin :—I am therefore in fear for thee, and so I have given thee advice, and peace be on thee ! When the bull heard these words of the ass, he thanked him, and said, To-morrow I will go with alacrity :—so he ate the whole of his fodder, and even licked the manger. Their master, meanwhile, was listening to their conversation. On the following morning, the merchant and his wife came to the bull's crib, and sat down there ; and the driver came, and took out the bull ; and when the bull saw his master, he shook his tail, and showed his alacrity by sounds and actions, bounding about in such a manner that the merchant laughed till he fell backwards. His wife, in surprise, asked him, At what dost thou laugh ? He answered, at a thing that I have heard and seen ; but I cannot reveal it ; for if I did, I should die. She said, Thou must inform me of the cause of thy laughter, even if thou die. I cannot reveal it, said he : the fear of death prevents me. Thou laughedst only at *me*, she said ; and she ceased not to urge and importune him, till he was quite overcome and distracted. So he called together his children, and sent for the Kádee and witnesses, that he might make his will, and reveal the secret to her, and die : for he loved her excessively, since she was the daughter of his paternal uncle, and the mother of his children, and he had lived with her to the age of a hundred and twenty years. Having assembled her family and his neighbors, he related to them his story, and told them that as soon as he revealed his secret, he must die ; upon which, every one present said to her, We conjure thee by Allah that thou give up this affair, and let not thy husband and the father of thy children die. But she said, I will not desist till he tell me, though he die for it. So they ceased to solicit her ; and the merchant left them, and went to the stable to perform the ablution and thence to return, and tell them the secret and die.

‘ Now he had a cock, with fifty hens under him, and he had also a dog ; and he heard the dog call to the cock, and reproach him, saying, Art thou happy when our master is going to die ? The cock asked, How so ?—and the dog related to him the story ; upon which the cock exclaimed, By Allah ! our master has little sense : I have *fifty* wives ; and I please this, and provoke that ; while he has but *one* wife, and cannot manage this affair with her : why does he not take some twigs of the mulberry-tree, and enter her chamber, and beat her till she dies or repents. She would never after that ask him a question respecting anything. When the merchant heard the words of the cock, as he addressed the dog, he recovered his reason, and made up his mind to beat her. So he entered her chamber, after he had cut off some twigs of the mulberry-tree, and hidden them there ; and then said to her, Come into the chamber, that I may tell thee the secret while no one sees me, and then die : and when she had entered, he locked the chamber door upon her, and beat her till she became almost senseless, and cried out, I repent ; and she kissed his hands and his feet, and repented, and went out with him ; and all the company, and his own family rejoiced ; and they lived together in the happiest manner until death.’—Vol. i. pp. 11—14.

We shall now proceed to give one or two of the more viva-

ciuous stories and anecdotes contained in the voluminous notes. Though many of them are decidedly inferior to the 'Tales themselves, there are others of a very high order of merit, and throw the same vivid light on Arab customs and manners. The following ludicrous story, conceived in the finest spirit of oriental humor, occurs in the long and valuable note on the 'Rewards of men of Literature and Science.'

'A whimsical story is told of a king, who denied to poets those rewards to which usage had almost given them a claim. This king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory an ode after having only once heard it; and had a memlook who could repeat an ode which he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment him with a panegyrical ode, the king used to promise him that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon. The poet consenting would recite his ode; and the king would say, 'It is not new; for I have known it for some years;' and would repeat it, as he had heard it; after which he would add, 'And this memlook also retains it in his memory;' and would order the memlook to repeat it; which, having heard it twice, from the poet and the king, he would do. The king would then say to the poet, 'I have also a female slave who can repeat it;' and ordering her to do so, stationed behind the curtains, she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard: so the poet would go away empty-handed. The famous poet El-Asma'ee, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, determined upon outwitting the king; and accordingly composed an ode made up of very difficult words; but this was not his only preparative measure; another will be presently explained; and a third was to assume the dress of a Bedawee, that he might not be known, covering his face, the eyes only excepted, with a litham (a piece of drapery) in accordance with a custom of the Arabs of the Desert. Thus disguised, he went to the palace, and having asked permission entered and saluted the king, who said to him, 'Whence art thou, O, brother of the Arabs, and what is thy desire?' The poet answered, 'May God increase the power of the king! I am a poet of such a tribe, and have composed an ode in praise of our lord the Sultan.' 'O brother of the Arabs,' said the king, 'hast thou heard our conditions?' 'No,' answered the poet; 'and what is it, O king of the age?' 'It is,' replied the king, 'that if the ode be not thine, we give thee no reward; and if it be thine, we give thee the weight in money of what it is written upon.' 'How,' said El-Asma'ee, 'should I assume to myself what belongs to another, and knowing too that lying before kings is one of the basest of actions. But I agree to this condition, O our lord the Sultan.' So he repeated his ode. The king, perplexed and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the memlook—but he had retained nothing; and called to the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word. 'O brother of the Arabs,' said he, 'thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt: I have never heard

it before : produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised.' 'Wilt thou,' said the poet, 'send one of thy attendants to carry it?' 'To carry what?' asked the king, 'is it not here upon a paper in thy possession?' 'No, O our lord the Sultan,' replied the poet, 'at the time I composed it I could not procure a piece of paper upon which to write it, and could find nothing but a fragment of a marble column left me by my father, so I engraved it upon this; and it lies in the court of the palace.' He had brought it, wrapt up, on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to exhaust his treasury; and to prevent a repetition of this trick (of which he afterwards discovered El-Asma'ee to have been the author) in future, rewarded poets according to the usual custom of kings.'

'The following case is also related as an exception to the common custom of great men, with regard to the bestowal of rewards on poets: 'A poet praised a governor in some verses, and the latter ordered an ass's bard'ah (or stuffed saddle) and girth to be given him. The poet went away with them on his shoulder; and, being asked what he had got, answered, 'I have praised our honored lord in the best of my verses, and he has bestowed on me some of the most magnificent articles of his apparel.'—*Ib.* pp. 119, 120.

It is a curious and interesting fact, that many of the fables and moral apologues of most countries claiming any considerable antiquity, may be traced up to a common source, and are found in the traditions of nations the most widely separated in space, and the most dissimilar in language and in manners. Though, as might be naturally expected, some of the circumstances are altered and others added, though the dates and names are changed, and the general coloring of manners and incidents adapted to each nation, the substantial basis of the fiction is so evidently the same, and its more singular and essential peculiarities so completely preserved, that there can be no doubt of the identity of its origin. Some of these tales afford evidence of the original oneness of the human race at some period long prior to all existing forms of tradition, something like what is furnished by the still traceable resemblances and affinities amongst many of the most widely dissimilar languages.* It is sometimes not a little ludicrous to find what was deemed an historical fact of comparatively recent occurrence, and associated, to give it the greater appearance of probability, with some veritable and well known personage, claiming a lineage of very remote antiquity. Such is the following story, which, as has been truly

* Thus the well known stratagem of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, by which he escapes Polyphemus, is substantially the same with an artifice mentioned in the story of Sind'abad of the Sea; and also with one recorded in one of Croker's *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*.

remarked, has been related as a historical fact in connexion with Noy, attorney-general in the reign of James II. The editor does not seem to be aware that the very same story is current in Italy, and is told, with of course some alterations of names and dates, of an advocate of that country. It forms a beautiful little prose piece in Rogers' Italy. It is curious to find it here asserting a still more ancient form than any in which it exists in Europe, and like many other tales of the same kind, originating in those ancient times and countries in which wisdom usually gave and perpetuated its lessons in the form of apologue and fable, and seldom appealed to the reason without also asking the aid of the imagination. The story is as follows.—We need not say that the plot of the 'Merchant of Venice' turns upon a circumstance of a somewhat similar kind.

'Four merchants were sharers in a sum of a thousand pieces of gold, which they had mixed together, and put into one purse; and they went with it to purchase merchandise, and finding in their way a beautiful garden, they entered it, and left the purse with a woman who was keeper of the garden. Having entered, they diverted themselves in a tract of the garden, and ate and drank and were happy; and one of them said, I have with me some perfume. Come, let us wash our heads with this running water, and perfume ourselves. Another said, We want a comb. And another said, We will ask the keeper: perhaps she hath with her a comb. And upon this one of them arose and went to the keeper, and said to her, Give me the purse. She replied, When ye all present yourselves, or thy companions order me to give it thee. Now his companions were in a place where the keeper could see them, and she could hear their words. And the man said to his companions, She is not willing to give me aught. So they said to her, Give him. And when she heard their words, she gave him the purse; and he went forth fleeing from them. Therefore when he had wearied them by the length of his absence, they came to the keeper, and said to her, Wherefore didst thou not give him the comb? And she replied, He demanded of me nothing but the purse, and I gave it not to him save with your permission, and he hath departed hence and gone his way. And when they heard the words of the keeper, they slapped their faces, and seized her with their hands, saying to her, We gave thee not permission save to give the comb. She replied, He did not mention to me a comb. And they seized her, and took her up to the Kadee; and when they presented themselves before him, they stated to him the case; whereupon he bound the keeper to restore the purse, and bound a number of her debtors to be answerable for her. So she went forth perplexed, not knowing her way; and there met her a boy, whose age was five years; and when he saw her thus perplexed, he said to her, What is the matter, O my mother? But she returned him not an answer, despising him on account of the smallness of his age. And he repeated his question a first, and a second, and a third time. So at length she told him what had

happened to her. And the boy said to her, Give me a piece of silver, that I may buy some sweetmeat with it, and I will tell thee something by which thy acquittance may be effected. The keeper therefore gave him a piece of silver, asking him, what hast thou to say? And the boy answered her, Return to the Kadee, and say to him, it was agreed between me and them that I should not give them the purse save in the presence of all the four. So the keeper returned to the Kadee, and said to him as the boy had told her; upon which the Kadee said to the three men, Was it thus agreed between you and her? They answered, Yes. And the Kadee said to them, Bring to me your companion and take the purse. Thus the keeper went forth free, no injury befalling her; and she went her way.—Vol. iii. pp. 181, 182.

We have left ourselves but little space to cite from the mass of valuable matter, illustrative of oriental manners, customs, and antiquities, contained in the copious notes. A single specimen is all that we can give, and that must be a short one. Let not our female readers be offended if we extract the following note on the 'Wickedness of Women.' We can honestly assure them that we by no means sympathise with their eastern calumniators. We give the passage partly for the odd humor which pervades a portion of it, and at which even the ladies themselves can scarcely refrain from laughing; but still more, as briefly indicating the degraded condition in which the sex exists in eastern climates, and which the whole institute of Mahomet has a direct tendency to perpetuate. Of all the many points of superiority of the Christian over the Mahometan institute, none is more striking than the fact that in the former, woman is assigned her proper place and ensured her due respect; neither the victim of man's pride and brutality, as in eastern countries; nor the goddess of his idolatry, as during the reign of the exorbitant folly of modern chivalry; but 'a helpmeet for him'—his companion and friend—if in any respect the 'weaker vessel,' entitled on that very account only to the exercise of greater gentleness and forbearance; equally immortal and responsible with himself, and an 'heir together with him of the grace of life.' How women can be held to such a degrading institute as that of Mahomet at all, may well seem a mystery; it can only be by the impossibility of resistance, and the restraints of ignorance which are thrown around them. But surely the time will come when the slandered and oppressed sex will avenge themselves upon the insulting prophet, and be found amongst the most active and zealous in the work of proselytism to a better and a purer faith. Nor can our Christian countrywomen be sufficiently grateful to that providence which has placed them under the guardianship of the Bible and not under the bondage of the Koran.—But we must now proceed to give the extract which has suggested these remarks; premising that the compendious receipt 'for being always

'in the right' is about the most humorous as well as most impudent satire on the fair sex we ever chanced to meet with.

• The wickedness of women is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs, with an affected feeling of superior virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgment or good sense is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves, as it rests on an assertion of the prophet; but that they possess a superior degree of cunning is pronounced equally certain and notorious. Their general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of men. 'I stood,' said the prophet, 'at the gate of Paradise; and lo, most of its inmates were poor: and I stood at the gate of hell; and lo, most of its inmates were women.' In allusion to women, the Kaleefeh 'Omar said, 'Consult them, and do the contrary of what they advise.' But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, nor when other advice can be had. 'It is desirable for a man,' says a learned Imaun, 'before he enters on any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them; or, if he have not more than one such friend, let him consult him ten times at ten different visits: or if he have not one such friend, let him return to his wife and consult her, and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary: so shall he proceed rightly with his affair, and attain his object.' A truly virtuous wife is of course excepted in this rule: such a person is as much respected by Muslims as she is (at least according to their own account) rarely to be met with by them. When woman was created, the devil, we are told, was delighted, and said 'Thou art the half of my host, and thou art the depository of my secret, and thou art my arrow, with which I shoot and miss not.'

But we must not dismiss this work without dwelling at some length on one of its most magnificent features—the beautiful and numerous pictorial embellishments by which it is adorned and illustrated.

The pleasure taken by children in tales like 'The Thousand and One Nights,' is perhaps more owing to the degree of belief which their limited experience of reality permits them to give to the wonderful events narrated, than to the vividness of the pictures raised up in their imagination by the descriptions they contain. Their memories are not stored with images in any way proportioned to the demand made on their fancy. And this must be the more true as the character of the scenes and persons is the less familiar. The adult reader must enjoy these wonderful stories after another fashion, if at all. He cannot be equally stirred by the mere preternatural machinery of the tales. The period of 'make-believe' is gone by, and Jinnee and Efreetts have no power to cheat him into a pleasing terror. He knows that diamonds and the most precious jewels may become no better than common stones if people have too many of them; and

refuses to rejoice with the man who has found countless heaps of gold in situations where the whole would be well spent to get back again into the common world. His delight is to be found in other ways, and very principally in the pictures suggested by the narratives. He must be able to see mountains piled above the clouds, and the awful gloom of the valleys among which the Evil Jinns may be expected to become visible to mortal eyes. The beautiful palaces towering above groves of palms and all manner of trees pleasant for fruit or for shade, full of birds of richest plumage and song, where the air is made fragrant by blossoms and flowers, and cooled by the springing of fountains, must raise some other scenes before his eye than Mr. Nash's low range of buildings in St. James' Park, with the wild ducks swimming tamely in a pond surrounded by evergreen shrubs. The more he remembers of the elements of eastern scenery, the greater his pleasure in combining them into pictures which seem to come nigh what he is reading about. We suspect very few of Mr. Lane's readers would be equal to the immense demand on their fancy for a variety of such scenes. Hitherto, and this not only in the case of the *Arabian Nights*, most artists have afforded the reader little or no help in this particular where it was most wanted. They have attempted little more than to illustrate the mere dramatic part of their story. The accessories of scenery, appropriate costume, and manners, have been neglected from the want of a fancy sufficiently inventive, or from ignorance of the forms which should be combined to make their pictures effective. Yet their representations, as must always be the case with whatever is submitted to the eye, have in most instances, we suppose, superseded the efforts of the reader to portray for himself, even when he might have imagined something nearer to the descriptions of the author. The fortunate race that will surrender their rights of fancy to Mr. Harvey, will never, we are assured, be losers in this way. We recollect no attempt of art to illustrate works of fiction that deserves comparison with the results of Mr. Harvey's designs. If fidelity to the real character of natural scenery, to a certain type of architecture, manners, and costume be desirable, we have it in Mr. Harvey's pictures: and it must be remembered that the east has earned for itself the title of the 'unchangeable' in these as much as in its modes of thought, feeling, and expression. He has not jumbled our associations together by the arbitrary and incongruous conjunctions of forms which are found in most similar attempts to illustrate the foreign and unfamiliar. The study of every available source of knowledge has furnished his imagination with its materials. But they have been used with no servility. The pictures into which he has combined them are fit to be bound up with the text. Few readers, if any, will feel that the author of these stories had in his mind gardens

of delight more voluptuous than Mr. Harvey has delineated at pp. 191, vol. i., 'Jackson;' 455, vol. ii., 'Green;' 557, vol. i., 'Williams;'—domed palaces more stately or more splendid in ornament than the Terrestrial Paradise at p. 242, vol. ii., 'Whimper;' the palace of the false Kaleefeh p. 385, vol. ii., 'Gray;' or that desolate dwelling of princes in the story of the City of Brass, which enriches p. 123, vol. iii., 'Miss Williams.' Is the scene laid among mountains whose tops are for ever shrouded in clouds? Nothing that is vast and terrible in the height of precipices, or the deep and gloomy abysses of mountain chasms, could be more effectually represented on paper than has been achieved by the artist at pp. 442, vol. iii., 'Whimper;' 507, vol. iii., Do.; 291, vol. ii., and in many other places. Of equal merit are Mr. Harvey's interiors, beautified with the richest arabesque tracery and supplied with all that ministers to oriental luxury. If the incident to be represented has in itself no point of great interest, it may be only a man reading a paper that he finds in a tree—he is placed in the front of a grand amphitheatre of mountains, a broad river rolls at his feet, stretching away into the distance at the base of lofty precipices, and frowned upon by bare and horrid crags, p. 489, vol. iii., 'Evans.' Similar instances of prodigality of invention are found at p. 178, vol. ii., 'Jackson;' and p. 162, vol. ii., 'Gray.' The princes El-Am'jad and El-As'ad are resting on the ground; two recumbent figures in turbans would have sufficed many former illustrators. In Mr. Harvey's view, the resting-place is a rocky gorge opening on to a distant plain, on which the shades of night are fast gathering as the sun sinks beneath the western clouds. This picture is an example of that power of stimulating the fancy of the spectator, that the sketches of a master always possess. They suggest more than they express. What from the pencil of an inferior limner would be a mere indistinct mass of lines and dots, light and dark spots, mingled with imperfect forms, becomes, as in the case before us, a space which the mind fills up in harmony with those parts of the subject more carefully made out. In one it is a battle with charging cavalry, and all the rout and confusion of a *melée*, p. 356, vol. ii., 'Jackson' (the destruction of the Tribe of A'a); p. 507, vol. iii., 'Whimper' (the battle of the troops of Wák-Wák). In another the space stands for far-reaching glades, awful forest vistas, or the boundless expanse of some rocky plain, with turrets and cupolas 'dim-discovered' in the extreme distance. The views of Damascus, p. 291, vol. ii., 'Smith;' Aleppo, p. 361, vol. ii., 'Smith;' vignette (morning), 'Landells' (a most lovely pictorial thought), and many others are examples of the quality we refer to. In the purely dramatic part of his task nothing is more worthy of praise than that absence of the exaggerated and theatrical in attitude and expression, which marks these designs, and

contrasts them very favorably with the kindred efforts of French illustrators. That a certain and very cheaply produced effect may be got by turgid expression and strained and convulsed gestures of the principal figures, our neighbours well understand; but it is of a spurious kind, and easily attainable by very ordinary genius—often clashing too with the tone of feeling which runs through the story thus caricatured (witness their pictorial edition of *Don Quixote*), as if the artist had made the feats of the posture-master his study rather than nature. Mr. Harvey, on the contrary, is always in keeping with the spirit of the ‘*Tales*.’ Their actors seldom lose the sedate gravity of men who enjoy or suffer as they may whatever fate appoints them. They are dignified in repose, and passively resigned in the last extremity. So are Mr. Harvey’s figures, save when the necessities of the story require that they should be grotesque. He is not in our opinion equally happy in representing female loveliness, if indeed we have a right to say this; for the fine touches that must often carry beauty of expression in such diminutive designs, may not have borne to be perfectly transferred to the paper through the medium of a cutting in wood. Yet many of his women have a tender and graceful air—the defect being generally more in the face than in the figure. Our space will not allow us to particularise the groups that are in our opinion most successful—we had noted many. The mounted Arab, p. 262, vol. ii., ‘*Landell*’ (of exceeding spirit). The Bedouin, p. 435, vol. ii., ‘*Vasey*.’ The three Royal Mendicants. The group of Blacks, p. 151, vol. iii., ‘*Jackson*.’ Budoer on horseback, p. 133, vol. ii., ‘*Thompson*,’ are especially worthy of remark, among a multitude, all of which will sustain inspection.

Mr. Harvey’s coadjutors, the engravers, ought not to be passed by without a tribute to the unmatched success with which they have rendered his designs. It is hardly doubtful whether this beautiful art of engraving on wood be not more competent to give such subjects than that on copper or steel. It imparts, we think, greater softness and harmony: while the brilliant sharpness of the lights and the depth of the shadows afford greater facility for the production of those effects that depend upon judicious contrast of light and shade. In this now much cultivated attribute of the pictorial art, Mr. Harvey must be considered a consummate master. Were the skeletons of his designs insufficient in beauty, he knows well how to give it to them by his mode of treatment. In the numerous head and tail pieces, marginal embellishments, and arabesque ornament with which the work abounds, Mr. Harvey and his engravers have attained the last degree of excellence.

- Art. III. 1. *Unitarianism Confuted : a Series of Lectures delivered in Christ Church, Liverpool, in 1839.* By Thirteen Clergymen of the Church of England. Liverpool : Henry Perry, 6, Church Street ; and Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.
2. *Unitarianism Defended : a Series of Lectures by Three Protestant Dissenting Ministers of Liverpool : in Reply to a Course of Lectures, entitled ' Unitarianism Confuted. By Thirteen Clergymen of the Church of England.'* Liverpool : Wilmer and Smith, 32, Church Street. London : John Green, 121, Newgate Street.

UNITARIANISM* and popery are antipodes to each other in the Christian system. Whether considered in their contents or in the essential principles of which they are the representatives and developments, they are utter opposites. They are both erroneous, but in contrary directions. Their conceptions of God, of man, of revelation, have little sympathy. And yet they are both forms of Christianity, but forms displaying the utmost dissimilarity compatible with any pretensions to the name. Popery adds to the gospel many sentiments of which it knows nothing, as taught in the Bible ; unitarianism deducts from it many of great worth and virtue. Popery attaches an essential importance to doctrines of comparative inferiority, if not positive erroneousness : unitarianism maintains that Christianity is not a doctrinal revelation at all. Popery gives supererogatory merit to men ; unitarianism takes it from Christ. Popery associates divine influence with sacramental efficacy ; unitarianism deprives it of its speciality. Popery unites the eternal punishment of some with the temporary chastisement of others ; unitarianism substitutes temporary chastisement for eternal punishment. Popery makes a human being the judge of the sin of heresy ; unitarianism denies that it is a sin. Popery weakens the truth by the immense accumulation of its extraneous ideas ; unitarianism weakens it by the excision of its own vital portions. Popery presents too many objects to human faith ; unitarianism too few. Popery tends to bondage ; unitarianism to licentious freedom. Popery generates superstition ; unitarianism scepticism.

This contrast, as well as the history of the past, presents more ground for alarm in reference to popery, than unitarianism. The first has spread, even, at times, to the almost utter extinction of

* In the following paper we use the language of certainty instead of doubt, and speak of orthodoxy when we mean our own opinions. We mention this, lest any should infer, from our phraseology, that we intended to state more than the fact of our own perceptions, or thought that those perceptions could not be wrong.

the true faith; and, at present, appears as if awaking to a new and vigorous contest. Nor are we surprised at it. The mass of existing protestantism is not pure and simple enough to overthrow it. The ground of quarrel is too superficial and accidental. The real and essential elements of the question must be more fully revealed, and impart their own sanctity and vitality to the defenders of the faith. The controversy is too much a collision of churches instead of principles; the arguments are too often the failings of men, instead of the rightness of the faith. It may be, that the spread of popery is necessary to its destruction. It may lead to another reformation asserting a more comprehensive quarrel and presenting a bolder front. The skill and strength of the hero may be matured for glorious and effectual enterprise by the sharp and partially successful efforts of the foe. We fear therefore for immediate results, while we rejoice in prospective triumph. But of unitarianism our dread is weaker. It has not the same elements of popular acceptance. Its appeal to faith is too feeble: its contact with humanity in its sins and sufferings is too indirect and at too few points; it is too alien from the general scope and spirit of the scriptures, whatever the apparent sanction of its sentiments by particular passages; its views of men and truth are too impotent in relation to the excitement of a missionary and propagating zeal; and it is too destitute of a principle of cohesion, to create or justify much alarm on its account. Still it is not an enemy to be despised. If it have but little power to establish its own faith, it may have more to sap other faiths. It bears an aspect of independence, which however unreal, or wrong so far as real, is very fascinating to many minds. It combines the profession of Christianity with exemption from much in it that is painful and humbling. The tone and talents of its advocates by no means betoken a less earnest demand in its opponents for the spiritual and mental qualifications for controversy. Many of the accidental supports of orthodoxy are giving way, and this will require a juster and fuller development of its real merits. Besides which, it is to be said, that deception is easy as to the real state and extent of unitarianism. It is destitute of many principles which tend to denominational embodiment and display, and therefore cannot be accurately judged of by the usual tests of sectarian progression. The application of common statistical rules to its spread, would not be attended with the certainty which attaches to conclusions obtained by that means respecting other modes of belief.

For these reasons we are neither surprised nor sorry, that it should be felt necessary frequently to discuss the points in dispute, and if the discussion be conducted with fairness and talent, truth can suffer nothing but must gain much.

The Liverpool unitarian controversy of last year, we hold to

be one of the most important that has taken place for many days. The manner and circumstances in which it originated, the celebrity of many of the combatants, the interest which it excited during its progress, and the bulk and character of the volumes to which it has given existence, combine to make it so. We confess that we had no very pleasant anticipations from its commencement. The general position and habits of the clergy of the established church, the character and pretensions of many in the present day particularly, together with the known ability of the Liverpool unitarian ministers, would have excited a fear as to the probable results, apart from other considerations. But other considerations existed. The contest originated in the projection of a course of lectures to be delivered in Christchurch by thirteen clergymen, to which unitarians were invited by a circular from the Rev. F. Ould, written in no very conciliating spirit. The unitarian ministers at once arranged a counter-course of lectures, to which they invited trinitarians, and at length another plan of contemporaneous discussion was agreed upon by the unitarian ministers and three of the clergymen, from the fulfilment of which the latter receded, assigning for their justification reasons respecting which we are utterly at a loss to conceive how they could appear satisfactory to those who alleged them. In the correspondence which thus terminated, there are, especially on the unitarian side, many passages of admirable vigor and point. Had it been completed according to the original intention, nothing is hazarded in saying that it would have formed one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to polemical theology of modern times. There is great cause of regret in its cessation, but more in the manner of it. It did good no doubt in moderating and subduing, in some measure, the trinitarian advocates, by a revelation of the temper and talents of the men whom they had aroused to the contest. The correspondence is prefixed to 'Unitarianism Defended.'

Of the 'Lectures' the following are the subjects. The thirteenth of the unitarian series should have been delivered in answer to the tenth of the trinitarian, according to the original syllabus, but personal circumstances necessitated the transposition.

TRINITARIAN.

1. The Practical Importance of the Controversy with Unitarians. Rev. F. Ould, A.B.
2. The Integrity of the Canon of Holy Scripture maintained against Unitarian Objections. Rev. T. Tattershall, D.D.
3. The Unitarian Interpreta-

UNITARIAN.

1. The Practical Importance of the Unitarian Controversy. Rev. J. H. Thom.
2. The Bible: what it is and what it is not. Rev. J. Martineau.
3. Christianity not the property

tion of the New Testament based upon Defective Scholarship, or on dishonest or uncandid Criticism. Rev. T. Byrth, M.A., F.A.S.

4. The Proper Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. J. Jones, M.A.

5. The Proper Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, proved from the Prophetic Scriptures, Rev. J. H. Stewart, M.A.

6. The Proper Deity of our Lord the only ground of Consistency in the Work of Redemption. Rev. H. M'Neile, M.A.

7. The Doctrine of the Trinity proved as a consequence from the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. D. James.

8. The Atonement indispensable to the Necessities of Guilty Man; and shown to stand or fall with the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. R. P. Buddicom, M.A., F.A.S.

9. The Deity, Personality, and Operations of the Holy Ghost. Rev. J. E. Bates, M.A.

10. The Sacraments practically rejected by Unitarians. Rev. H. W. M'Grath, A.B.

11. The Nicene and Athanasian Creeds Explained and Defended. Rev. R. Davis, M.A.

12. The Personality and Agency of Satan. Rev. H. Stowell, M.A.

13. The Eternity of future Rewards and Punishments. Rev. W. Dalton, M.A.

of Critics and Scholars, but the gift of God to all men. Rev. J. H. Thom.

4. There is one God, and one Mediator between God and Man,—the man Christ Jesus. Rev. H. Giles.

5. The Proposition that 'Christ is God,' proved to be false, from the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. Rev. J. Martineau.

6. The Scheme of vicarious Redemption inconsistent with itself and with the Christian idea of salvation. Rev. J. Martineau.

7. The unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity. Rev. J. H. Thom.

8. Man, the Image of God. Rev. H. Giles.

9. The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who dwelleth in us, and teacheth all things. Rev. J. H. Thom.

10. Creeds the Foes of Heavenly Faith; the allies of Worldly Policy. Rev. H. Giles.

11. The Christian View of Moral Evil. Rev. J. Martineau.

12. The Christian View of Retribution hereafter. Rev. H. Giles.

13. Christianity without Priest and without Ritual. Rev. J. Martineau.

It will be seen from this list of subjects, that the controversy is local in nothing but its scene. The Lectures possess a general interest. They are discussions, more or less, of the great points in dispute, and not assaults on the peculiarities of individual opponents. The personal conflict is confined nearly altogether to the prefaces and notes, which contain, besides, much matter, rendering them not the least valuable portions of the vo-

lumes. There are few topics in debate between the general parties which are not noticed, and if there be little novelty of sentiment, there is frequent freshness of illustration.

It will not be expected that we should enter, at length, into the merits and contents of these lectures. Nothing short of a perusal can convey a just and complete view of their excellencies and defects, and that perusal we would earnestly recommend to our readers. To a few remarks, both of a particular and general nature, we must confine ourselves.

The plan of the trinitarian lecturers appears to us singularly injudicious. It prevented a full development of many important points of orthodox belief and argument, and obliged such a mode of treating others as was by no means favorable to their due manifestation. A more skilful arrangement of subjects would have presented a better opportunity and afforded a superior facility of exhibiting and defending the truths contended for. The proposition committed to the custody of Mr. Byrth is most infelicitously worded. There were only two ways of sustaining the charge it involved of ignorance or immorality. The one was by showing that the New Testament so clearly taught trinitarian doctrines that every learned and honest man must of necessity discover them in it; the other was by exposing the unlearned and dishonest character of all unitarian interpretations affecting them. The adoption of the first method would have necessitated a constant interference with the other lectures; the adoption of the second would have imposed an interminable task; neither could have been employed effectually within the prescribed limits. Mr. B. adopted neither, but persisted, notwithstanding protest, in using the improved version as an authorised exposition of the critical views and arguments of the unitarian body. He seems to have become convinced of the awkwardness of his position, for instead of publishing the second part of his lecture, he has announced his intention of expanding it into a volume. We wait the fulfilment of his promise with interest, for he is both a scholar and a gentleman.

In the productions of so many individuals, there will, of course, appear a great variety in style, and spirit, and ability. Some of the lectures are creditable as displays both of intellect and temper. We might instance Dr. Tattershall's as a specimen. It is one of the very best in the volume. He has given a clear and candid exposition of important principles. He is a good sample of what a polemic should be, sound, judicious, calm, and dignified. Some of his companions are little, if at all inferior to him. But we cannot conceal our unaffected concern that several of them are marked by a superciliousness and dogmatism,—a weakness and puerility of conception and composition, and an unwillingness or inability to understand the real points in dispute,

which, we fear, must prove injurious to a cause requiring, and worthy of, wiser and nobler advocacy. It is unfortunate too, that some of the trinitarian champions are professors of a form of Calvinism, and employ a style of illustration, which must always render the defence of the truth peculiarly and unnecessarily difficult.

One of the grossest instances of plagiarism we have ever met with, occurs in Mr. Ould's lecture, one half of which, though it contains fifty-five pages, is made up of quotations, without acknowledgment or inverted commas, from Andrew Fuller's '*Calvinistic and Socinian Systems*,' &c. His own part, though seldom marked by argumentative force, is often disfigured by bitterness.

Mr. Stewart excites our pity, that he should have been placed (we cannot believe that he placed himself), in a position he is little competent to fill. All who know him, know the piety and amiability of his heart. He is incapable of harshness or guile. But the harmlessness of the dove is not always associated with the wisdom of the serpent. What could be expected from the following passage in his introduction?

'It is, my beloved friends, as one of his (Christ's) servants, and in his name, and, as I trust, by his authority, that I desire to address you. For however prejudiced persons may be disposed to charge us with assuming an office to which we have no special right, my conscience bears me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, when I gave the annexed answers to the following questions put to me, by the bishop, at my ordination. *Question.* 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God, for the promotion of his glory and the edifying of his people?' *Answer.* I trust so. *Question.* Do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the due order of this realm, to the ministry of the church?' *Answer.* I think so.' This is my trust, as to myself; and, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have a similar confidence as to my beloved brethren in the ministry, who have united in preaching this course of lectures. I believe, unworthy as we are of such grace, that we are all the servants of our beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It is for this reason that I am grieved at the advantage which has been taken of the very kind invitation of my much beloved and highly respected friend and fellow-servant in the gospel, the minister of this church. He, with the benevolent design of affording to those persons who, we all conscientiously believe, have embraced the most dangerous errors, the opportunity of hearing the truth, and thus saving their souls from death, invited those who hold what are commonly termed unitarian sentiments, to attend the delivery of these lectures. This Christian regard for their best, their everlasting interests, has been

made use of to attempt to change this gospel ordinance into a mere discussion of two opposite parties, and thus to give to this all-important declaration of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' the air of a trial of skill and human talent and superior learning, rather than that which these services, in this hallowed place, were intended to be,—namely, to use, in the mild and gentle spirit of Christian affection, one of 'the divinely-appointed means of grace, to impart to those who, we believe, have set up a god of their own, the knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.'

We doubt not the sincerity and humility of this passage. It is the utterance of a real faith and charity. But what a misconception of the character and grounds of the system assailed, and of the only efficient means of assailing it, does it betoken? We have quoted it as a specimen of the manner in which several of the clerical lecturers address themselves to their tasks. They do not put themselves on an argumentative level with their opponents. They do not refrain from vehement assertions that they are right, as if the existence and not the truth of their professed convictions were in question. They declare their orthodoxy when they should prove it—forgetting that the dispute relates not to the sincerity but the propriety of their opinions. They too often behave, not as if conducting a contest, but announcing a triumph. They might be addressing sinners whose consciences were with them, instead of disbelievers whose consciences were with themselves. Their anger that their arguments are rejected is sometimes greater than the force with which they are presented. The severity of the manner excels that of the matter. There are 'the nodosities of the oak without its strength, the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration.'

It was undesirable for the interests of truth that it had to be maintained against the attacks of Messrs. Martineau, Thom, and Giles. Very different from each other, they possess qualifications for controversy of no mean order. Mr. Martineau stands first—a man whose abilities and eloquence compelled the respect and admiration of his opponents. It is impossible to read his productions without being struck with the power and refinement of his understanding, the beauty and brilliancy of his imagination, and the chasteness and force of his style. His lectures are not mere discussions. They abound with passages of great splendor and loveliness, which ought to live as long as the language they adorn. We give a specimen, not as the best, but the best for the purpose of quotation.

'Before proceeding to justify this assertion, let me guard myself from the imputation of rejecting this doctrine *because it is mysterious*, or of supporting a system which insists on banishing all mysteries from religion. On any such system I should look with unqualified

aversion, as excluding from faith one of its primary elements ; as obliterating the distinction between logic and devotion, and tending only to produce an irreverent and narrow-minded dogmatism. 'Religion without mystery,' is a combination of terms, than which the Athanasian creed contains nothing more contradictory ; and the sentiment of which it is the motto, I take to be a fatal caricature of rationalism, tending to bring all piety into contempt. Until we touch upon the mysterious, we are not in contact with religion ; nor are any objects reverently regarded by us, but such as, from their nature or their vastness, are felt to transcend our comprehension. God, of whose inscrutable immensity creation is but the superficial film ; Christ, the love of whom surpasseth knowledge ; futurity veiled in awful shadows, yet illumined by a point or two of light ; these, which are slightly known, and greatly unknown, with something definite, representing a vast indefinite, are the peculiar objects of trust and veneration. And the station which the soul occupies, when its devout affections are awakened, is always this : on the twilight, between immeasurable darkness and refreshing light ; on the confines, between the seen and the unseen ; where a little is discerned, and an infinitude concealed ; where a few distinct conceptions stand, in confessed inadequacy, as symbols of ineffable realities : and we say, 'Lo, these are a part of his ways ; but the thunder of his power, who can understand ?' And if this be true, the sense of what we do not know is as essential to our religion as the impression of what we do know ; the thought of the boundless, the incomprehensible, must blend in our mind with the perception of the clear and true ; the little knowledge we have must be clung to, as the margin of an invisible immensity ; and all our positive ideas be regarded as the mere float to show the surface of the infinite deep. But mystery, thus represented, offers anything but objects of belief : it presents nothing to be appreciated by the understanding, but a realm of possibilities to be explored by a reverential imagination ; and a darkness that may be felt to the centre of the heart. Being, by its very nature, the blank and privative space, offered to our contemplation, nothing affirmative can be derived thence ; and to shape into definite words the things indefinite that dwell there, is to forget its character. We can no more delineate anything within it, than an artist, stationed at midnight on an Alpine precipice, can paint the rayless scene beneath him.

Mr. Martineau is evidently possessed of a noble and generous soul. His candor, when compared with that of polemics in general, is remarkable. He is ever anxious to detect the exact meaning of his adversaries, and ready to apologise for any misapprehension of it into which he may have fallen. The chief fault we have to find with him is, that his intense hatred of trinitarianism breaks out occasionally in a bitterness of sarcasm, and a severity and loftiness of rebuke, scarcely consistent with contention for merely 'a probable opinion.' We confess that we have almost trembled with horror at some manifestations of his

fierce and fixed enmity to that which is, to us, the very hope and comfort of the soul. We do not underrate his skill and strength, but at such times we have felt that the eye of an enemy may excite a terror which his blows do not.

Mr. Thom is not equal to Mr. Martineau. He is not so ethereal, or quick, or comprehensive, nor is his style so manly and delicate. His ideas seem not to be conceived at once in all their perfection, but to be expanded by elaboration. They are enlarged by gradual accumulation, not by their inherent vitality and force. They are more a work than a creation. We miss in him those rich and pathetic exhibitions of humanity, which so affect us in his coadjutor. But he is not a contemptible antagonist. He is occasionally subtle and vigorous. If less spiritual than his fellow, he is more palpable, and consequently more adapted to the general capabilities and claims of men. He has considerable imagination, and sometimes displays great beauty and tenderness.

Mr. Giles is least to our liking every way. He has cleverness which perhaps is not appreciated from the superior glory of his brethren. There are, in his lectures, many well presented trains of thought. But he too often writes like an angry man, and one who either is not sufficiently informed upon the subjects of controversy, or lacks the talent for argumentation.

On the whole, we are little satisfied with the spirit of the contest. There are honourable and delightful exceptions, but amid mutual charges of uncharitableness, there is many a breach of it on either side; and notwithstanding mutual confessions of fallibility, there is many a passage which could only be penned in utter forgetfulness of them.

The controversy is interesting on many accounts. The unitarian ministers explicitly disclaim the 'Improved Version.' They not only refuse to be tried by it, but intimate their opinion of it to be far from the highest, and express a decided preference for the authorised version. Besides which, there are many modifications of opinion as to the integrity or meaning of particular passages, and the propriety and worth of particular criticisms, which must prove refreshing to every student of the Bible, and the human mind. But by far the most important thing connected with the lectures is this, that they discover the present state of unitarian sentiment so far as it can be supposed to be indicated by the faith of such men, and in such positions, as their authors. Of course, we regard them not, nor do they pretend to be, authoritative expositors of any opinions but their own. It would be unwise and unfair to make a denomination of so great diversity of sentiment as the unitarian, responsible for the utterances of a few, however able, individuals. But we have reason to believe that if the Liverpool ministers are somewhat in ad-

vance of their brethren, that they have many fellows in their faith; that more are rapidly approximating to them; and that this is the natural course of things.

They distinctly maintain that Christianity is no doctrinal revelation at all. This is their belief, although no small mysticism of conception and speech appears to us, in their expressions and illustrations of it. 'We believe,' say they, 'in a spiritual and moral revelation, most awakening, most sanctifying, most holy; which *words*, being the signs of hard and definite ideas could never express, and which is therefore portrayed in a mind awhile on earth, and publicly transferred to heaven.' They protest against the supposition that Christ or his apostles designed, as part of their mission, to teach anything like propositions. They represent Christ as a personification of divine providence, as revealing, in his character, the moral excellence of God, and in his history, his moral government. The gospel is addressed not to the intellect but the conscience. Most extravagant things do they assert on this their favorite principle, and yet in its adornment and commendation they are passing beautiful. Their indignation that any dogmas should be expected or found in the Bible as a revelation, is rich and rare. For the sake of the trust in God and duty which they profess to derive from the spirit and life of Christ, they are willing to forego all the mere opinions of the sacred penmen, describing many as erroneous and more as obsolete, some as assumed by themselves for the purposes of argument, and all as unnecessary now for the purposes of godliness. Of course, their preference is for the historic records of the New Testament, the epistles possessing a very partial and inferior worth, their dogmatic portions having little certainty of truth or application to modern times. We should have liked them to be more particular and explicit on this important and prominent point of their system; but they seem to have a noble abhorrence of definitions, to rejoice in a sublime and generous vagueness, to shun a near inspection of ideas, as if their greatness might vanish on familiarity. We have a suspicion, which all that we have read upon this subject, and it is not a little, has not abated but confirmed, that, if they had put their conception of the design and nature of Christianity into words whose precise meaning and force could be more accurately estimated than that of their actual language, it would be difficult to separate it altogether from the common one; it would be found to involve the very thing of which it sought to get rid; to be inconsistent with unitarianism as professed by themselves; and to be very dissimilar to the conception which the scriptures naturally convey.

We little doubt that it has arisen in part from the impression of the fact, which is used as one of its chief proofs,—the fact of

the great diversity of religious opinions among believers in the Christian revelation. Contrasting their own notion of revelation with that of their opponents, Messrs. Martineau, Thom, and Giles, remark—‘All men may see that such a revelation corresponds well with the medium which conveys it; but a set of scholastic propositions, like articles and creeds, might as well have been written on the sky; and many a bitter doubt and bitterer controversy might have been spared.’ We admit that Christianity has often been most injuriously stiffened and straitened by human systems of belief; that technical theology has been preferred to moral goodness; that men have gone miserably too far in requiring doctrinal uniformity; that multitudes are glorious saints in heaven, who were punished as heretics on earth; that the spirit of religion has been, and is, sacrificed to its verbal forms; and that for these things, and many more such things, no human heart can feel too true and deep a grief, no human eye can shed tears of too bitter lamentation. But how these evils can be rightly urged against the belief that Christianity is, in part, a revelation of doctrinal truth, we cannot see. Does all difference and contention prove the fallacy of the sentiment admitted on both sides, and which is the cause of its existence? Messrs. Martineau, Thom, and Giles would destroy all variance in doctrinal opinion, by making the faith universal, that Christianity is not a literal but spiritual revelation. That is, believe with them, and there will be no disagreement. All sects maintain this doctrine, each one having an undoubting persuasion that if all other sects would adopt their own peculiar opinions, there would be perfect unanimity. The medical method of curing evils by their own causes has found advocates in the church, and new denominations have been formed, just because so many existed before, and with the avowed design of destroying all.

If it be an argument against the doctrinal character of Christianity, that so much difference exists as to the doctrines it is meant to teach, it seems to be an argument against its having any character at all, that so much difference of opinion exists as to what that character really is. If the disputes about the doctrines of revelation are proof that it is designed to teach none, the disputes about the proper notion of revelation may be accounted proof that there is no revelation. Whence is this strange conception of Christianity derived? If it be from the Bible, how can this be reconciled with the mode of reasoning adopted against other conceptions of revelation, from the great variety of opinion which obtains? If it be incredible that a doctrinal revelation should occasion so much doctrinal diversity, is it not incredible that any revelation should occasion so much diversity of opinion as to its design and nature?

Another point prominently exhibited in these lectures is the

essential enmity to orthodoxy which they display. We admire the boldness and honesty with which the ground is taken of an inherent and necessary fallacy in the conceptions which it embodies. We have always felt that this is the only proper position for unitarians, although a position which they have not always occupied. Their tone has been more modest and moderate, and while they thought that the Bible taught only their own views, and, in so doing, harmonized with reason and righteousness, they have admitted that the Bible might teach others, or, that there was no inherent and absolute necessity for its not so doing, and that if proof were furnished that it did so, they would receive them. This is not the language of the Liverpool lecturers. They resolutely maintain that orthodoxy is not in the Bible; but they are not satisfied with this, asserting that no inspired book could possibly teach it. While they affirm the absence of proof, they also affirm the impossibility of its existence. They appeal to the scriptures for judgment against the common faith of Christians, but declare, at the same time, that if their appeal should be unsuccessful, they have the power and the will of moving their cause into a higher and more competent court. According to them, no revelation could prove trinitarianism true, but trinitarianism could prove any professed revelation containing it, false. Why? The answer given is, that trinitarianism is contradictory and immoral; its views of the divine nature, and of the person of Christ, are absurd and inconsistent in themselves, and its views of God's treatment of Christ and men are opposed to the fundamental principles of equity and justice. It is maintained that, as the evidence which supports Christianity is of the nature of probability, it can have no force to sustain doctrines contrary to morals and reason, which those of trinitarianism are. It can only be likely, however strong the likelihood, that Christianity is divine, but it is certain that trinitarianism is false. This ground being taken, it is evidently useless to argue from the scriptures against unitarianism, for if the argument prove successful, it does not go far enough; it only proves what the witness says, but his competency to say it is matter of dispute. 'The axe' is not by this means 'laid to the root of the tree.' It is for this reason that we are dissatisfied with the plan adopted by the Liverpool clergymen, and by many other defenders of orthodoxy. We have felt a painful deficiency while reading their works. They may do well what they profess to do, but they do not profess to do enough. The criticism may be correct, the examination and comparison of passages may be comprehensive and skilful, but this is not what is wanted. If it succeed, it must convert unitarians, not into trinitarians, but into infidels, unless the charge of logical contradictoriness and moral injustice be first repelled and disproved. To contend for the sanction of the Bible, with-

out this, is like defending a particular construction of a will, when the testator was incompetent to render the construction of any worth. This is a subject which must yet engage the attention and the talents of the Christian church to a greater extent than it has done.

While we admire the fearlessness with which the essential absurdity and immorality of trinitarianism is asserted, we are not a little surprised at it. When we hear that the doctrine of the trinity is as inconsistent as the doctrine that three angles are one angle, and that the doctrine of the atonement is opposed to moral justice, we cannot but think that a strange misconception of the power and the province of the human mind must obtain. That they may have been so defined and explained as to be justly so represented, we have no disposition to deny, but that in themselves, and of necessity they are so, we cannot perceive. There is nothing in the one more difficult, than in the eternity and self-existence of God, or in the other, than in ten thousand forms and proceedings of his providence. The assertion seems to be more carelessly made in the face of the fact, that a vast majority of the wise and good believers in Christianity hold these doctrines. This is not adduced as an evidence of their truth; nothing is further from our intention; but we think it a strong indication that they are not so necessarily absurd and wicked as they are represented to be. If they were, they could not so prevail. The human mind would reject them with spontaneous and immediate indignation. Who finds it needful to prove that three angles are not one angle? But if the human mind, after all, is so incorrect in its conceptions of consistency and morals, as to believe the most inconsistent and immoral things, without any perception of their inconsistency or immorality, where is the unitarian right to treat its dictates, in certain cases, with such implicit faith—to assert that anything contrary to these, can, by no possibility, be proved?

We are likewise at a loss to understand how this mode of representing doctrines generally believed, can consist with the professions of intellectual and moral respect, which those who employ it, yet make for their opponents. We make no accusation, but simply express an inability of our own. We say not that these professions are hollow; on the contrary, we believe them sincere, but we cannot see how the views taken of orthodoxy can exist in the same mind with any great reverence and esteem for the orthodox. We fear that we should not think very highly of the intellect of the man, who asserted anything so absurd as that three angles are one angle, nor of his moral state, who held notions that outraged all righteousness.

To yet another subject must we refer. It would have been singular, if a controversy respecting unitarianism had been con-

cluded without, at least, a clear indication of the existence of different opinions as to the importance of theological sentiments. That the doctrine of responsibility for faith is not formally discussed, is matter of regret, but it is plain enough that very opposite notions are entertained by the combatants. It would be wrong to represent the unitarians as holding the absolute and unconditional innocence of error, a doctrine which is opposed to the plainest facts and laws of the human mind, and involving the virtual denial of all responsibility. They admit, so far as we can learn from their writings, that a man may be responsible for his opinions. We imagine that the question between them and ourselves would be, the extent, not the reality or grounds of this responsibility. We are not prepared to advocate the extreme notion upon this subject. The holding of opinions, apart from their moral causes and consequences, is no matter of responsibility. It is so only as far as it results from, and exerts, a moral influence. The Liverpool Unitarians would probably admit this. The debate with them would be, as to what religious errors were necessarily the fruit, and the fountain, of an unholy power. We should infer a man's sinfulness from his errors; they would infer the innocence of his errors from his goodness. They do not allow opinions to be any certain test of character. The most erroneous may consist, in their view, with great moral excellence. Even the rejection of Christianity as a divine revelation is not regarded as any sure indication of a wrong state of heart. 'We believe,' say they to their three epistolary opponents, 'no less than you, in an infallible revelation (though had we the misfortune to doubt it, we might be, in the sight of God, neither worse nor better than yourselves).' It is intimated that infidelity may be 'an intellectual judgment,' without the coexistence of 'bad moral qualities.' This supposes that there is nothing in the evidences or the peculiar discoveries of Christianity which makes it thoroughly impossible for a good man to reject it. Whether the scriptures support this notion or not, is a matter of no importance, because if they did not, their testimony would probably be considered as expressing, not the truth of the case, but the opinion of the writers. We believe that the scriptures do not support it, and that their witness is true. But we are ready to ask, can that be a revelation, and the Christian one, which a man may deny, without damage or disproof of his moral excellence? Is the being a Christian, something distinct from, and additional to, the being good? Is the unitarian idea of Christ's moral salvation so weak and vapid a thing as to be realised without faith in Christianity? Would a man be better from believing the gospel? If he would, is he not criminal for not being better? If he would not, is Christianity superior to deism? They who would deny the first, have little reason to

boast of the peculiar excellence and strength of their views of duty and responsibility; they who would deny the second, have equally little reason to complain, if charged with maintaining a system which tends to infidelity.

They who admit the innocence of infidelity may well admit the innocence of orthodoxy, and this is another subject of difficulty to us. Unitarians are fond of proclaiming the superior moral tendency of their system to that of others. The living and the dead have asserted the claim. It is maintained with the sarcastic bitterness of a Belsham, the philosophic quietness of a Priestley, the flowing eloquence of a Channing, and the force and beauty of a Martineau. But how it can be separated from the duty of embracing unitarianism, we know not. If its rejection be not criminal, then the holding error which has a very pernicious moral influence is innocent, yea, the very error which involves such ideas of justice as are sufficient to discredit the pretensions of any professed revelation sanctioning them. That innocence should belong to a belief of things being not only good, but pre-eminently good, which are really so bad that no amount of evidence can prove them real, is passing strange. He who supposes this may suppose more, and admit that any moral and religious error may be innocent, and, as a man can only act according to his own conceptions of truth and duty, and not another's, that any moral and religious practice may be innocent likewise.

We cannot conclude this paper without suggesting a few hints as to the mode of conducting the controversy with unitarians.

We would not, however, urge a controversial spirit and practice. We have no morbid dislike of polemical contention, to which many object, solely because they are too ignorant, or indolent, to engage in it. There may be times—and the prospect is of their increased, not diminished number—when it is necessary not only to defend truth, but assault error, and we would have all men ready to do strong and stedfast battle for their faith; but we are convinced that, in general, the best method of preventing and checking error is the publication of truth, and that this is the only method that multitudes of good and useful men can adopt. They can deliver the gospel as a testimony, but not argue it as a proposition. They can maintain its divinity as a system against the attacks of folly and vice, but not defend its particular truths and records from the perversions and objections of wise and learned men. The controversy with unitarians is no engagement for unripe and unfurnished minds. It demands an order of endowment and attainment vastly superior to what many have thought sufficient for its safe and successful management. The plight of orthodoxy has often embodied the cry, 'Save me from my friends!' Some of the passages most for-

midable to it, in the works of its assailants, are quotations from those of its advocates.

To those who may feel it their duty to attack unitarianism, we would say, 'Understand it.' It is not enough for a polemic to know his own opinions, he should know his adversary's. He should be acquainted with the arguments that are urged against his views, and the effectual mode of answering them. If the true points in debate be not detected, labor is wasted, error is untouched, and the impression is conveyed of inability or unfairness. A liberal and comprehensive acquaintance with unitarian theology is indispensable to any safe and effectual attempt to refute it. It is useless and worse than useless to treat the body of unitarians as if responsible for the sentiments and criticisms of individuals, or the present race for those of a past. The practice of quoting and answering Belsham and Priestley, as if they were the authorised expositors of unitarian belief, is easy, but not good. We war with the living, not with the dead. A study of our opponents' publications, by revealing the real shape and ground of their dissent, would prevent many vain and pointless efforts, and irrelevant accusations. Unitarians, for instance, are often charged with refusing to receive our doctrines on account of their mysteriousness,—they allege that they believe in mystery, and that our doctrines are not mysterious, but contradictory, excluded from their creed not by the presence of ideas too great for comprehension, but the absence of ideas capable of reconciliation. They are charged with denying the atonement because they disregard and disesteem the divine justice;—they allege that they reject the atonement because, among other reasons, they maintain and honor the divine justice, and think the atonement to be, of all things, one of the most unjust. They are charged with cherishing pride of understanding, in rejecting the doctrines of orthodoxy; they allege that humility of mind consists in submission to evidence which they display, and that orthodoxy is made up of many sentiments which evidence does not support. Now it is obvious that the mere bringing of these accusations, under such circumstances, does no good, nor the proving the folly and guilt of the conduct they describe. The thing needed, is the proof of their applicability. They are all founded on the presumed settlement of the question, and therefore have no force or place while the question is being discussed. The only way in which they can be sustained, is by showing that the Bible is so true, and orthodoxy so truly in it, that the rejection of the latter must result from pertinacious obstinacy—must sacrifice the moral character of God—must prove that simple inability to explain, is held to be a good reason for disbelieving what is thoroughly explicable. What is wanted is, not the proof that the alleged conduct is wrong, but that the accused parties are the

wrong doers ; and while unitarians plead not guilty to the charges preferred—while they retort them—while they assay to justify their conduct by the very principles from respect for which the charges are brought, it is plainly a want of knowledge, at least, which secures their continued presentation. Next to the mistake and mischief of imputing opinions which are not held, is that of assigning reasons for opinions which do not exist. To ascertain either, it is necessary to pay careful attention to the writings in which alone they can be fully found. Unitarianism, or any other system of belief, is not, as a matter of course, and in all respects, just according to the popular impression respecting it—nor, which is nearly the same thing, what its most noted and bitter antagonists represent it to be,—and we would therefore earnestly advise all who may have it in their hearts to attack it, to obtain a personal and familiar acquaintance with the publications of its advocates.

Closely connected with this, is the *spirit* in which the controversy should be conducted. Every thing like rudeness and abuse—discourtesy and unfairness—should be avoided. The gentleman and the Christian should never be forgotten in the polemic. No end sanctifies the means. ‘Pious frauds’ are, of all frauds, the most impious. Truth needs but truth for its defence. It is dishonored and desecrated by any other weapon. The tactics of worldly policy are not fitted for the conduct of a spiritual contention. It is a solemn, tender, and noble thing, to befriend the faith once delivered to the saints, and he is not meet for its advocacy who has not been baptized with its spirit. The source of many of the evils that disgrace religious controversy, is a sense of infallibility, and this should be ejected from every mind with careful and energetic zeal. This would be—not scepticism, but humility. It is one thing to believe that we are right, and another to believe that we must be. A conviction that we have the truth, and a conviction that we may not have it, are perfectly compatible. Most men admit that they are fallible, but no man admits that he fails. The nature of doctrinal discussions forbids the assumption of oracular certainty, and all displays of it are as absurd as offensive. We can conceive of no religious argument which should not be prosecuted with a desire to elicit truth, as well as to defend it. If we are not absolutely incapable of mistake, which perhaps no one would affirm, it is possible that we are mistaken, and it is due to this possibility that, while we maintain the truth we think we have, we should look out for the truth that may yet be hidden from us. The very reasons for which we love and hold our present opinions should lead us to respect and weigh the arguments of those who deny them. If this were felt, all neglect in seeking for the real idea of an opponent—all unfairness in representing it—all modes of attacking it,

which, though successful to other men and even to himself, we know to be without legitimate application and force, would be avoided. Every pains would be taken to put ourselves in his position—to look at the subject from his point of view, and through his medium.

It is common for orthodox controversialists to present prominently the penal consequences of unbelief before their opponents—to repeat the denunciations of final wrath which they suppose applicable to their case. This, to say the least, is impolitic. Whatever may be thought, it is unwise thus to treat an adversary. Men are to be convinced by arguments, not by accusations of criminality which they believe to be unfounded, and threatenings which they believe will never be fulfilled. The way to create faith, is to show the evidence of the truth, not the results of error, because those results are not objects of fear until the truth is established. The likelihood is, that solemn maledictions will only weaken and not enforce the reasoning employed. They may express pity, but appear to express scorn, which is no means of winning a favorable attention. They may result from a strong consciousness that we are right,—they may be regarded as one proof that we are wrong. It is necessary to consider not only what is due to fact, but what is due to the views of those whose faith is sought to be corrected.

A careful distinction should be made between what is true and what is false in unitarianism. Considered controversially in the points in which it is opposed to the essential principles of trinitarianism, we reject it, and desire its extinction; but considered in its entirety as a system of belief, there is much in it that demands respectful recognition; and it is but justice, not only to its adherents, but to truth, to separate the evil from the good. We go further. 'Every error is a truth abused.' Most erroneous sects have been characterized, not so much by the absolute groundlessness of their peculiar opinions, as by the exaggerated importance and unreal relations which they have assigned to them. Truth has become false by the manner in which it has been viewed and treated. There is great and constant danger of this in human beings, who are incapable of a full and perfect survey of truth, whose perceptions are powerfully influenced by their passions, and who display an endless diversity of mental constitution and temperament. Hence different doctrines become the distinctive badge of different denominations, the evils of whose existence and collision are, in part, compensated by the security they furnish for the development of the various elements of the Christian faith. Perhaps few denominations exist which do no good service to Christianity in this way, however great a portion of truth they may disfigure or conceal. Has unitarianism no function? Is there nothing in it which tends to the peculiar

manifestation of some truth? Or, if this be esteemed too strong a mode of representation, is it not allied, in fact, though not of necessity, with forms and phases of moral and Christian verities, which demand not only concession but respect? May not the orthodox be instructed by the prominence and way of treating of some sentiments of unquestioned truth and worth, in unitarian theological literature? Notwithstanding the number and magnitude of the scriptural principles which we believe it to reject,—principles which we cannot separate from the full and efficient adaptation of Christianity to human sinners, are there no views which its abettors, from some cause or other, peculiarly excel in exhibiting? Some of our sentiments, which we think are derived from the Bible, possess such a special significance and worth in our estimation, that we are in no little danger of maintaining and enforcing them to the neglect of other sentiments, which, though not equally valuable, are equally parts of Christianity; and the danger is increased, when the greater sentiments are matter of vigorous and wide-spread controversy, and the lesser of little or none; while, on the other hand, unitarians, who reject the former, acquire a facility and force in presenting the latter, which however desirable and useful, is attended with this danger, that the truths and principles of which they make so frequent and efficient mention may become, in popular estimation, identified with their peculiar system, and serve to recommend it. We need not specify instances. They will occur to most persons familiar with the subject. We have been powerfully impressed with the fact of their existence, while comparing the writings of the opposite parties, and not least, while comparing the publications on both sides of the Liverpool controversy. We wish to call attention to the fact, and its lessons. Let trinitarians guard against the tendency to neglect admitted truths while contending for disputed ones, and let them honor and imitate whatever is forcible and excellent in the views or modes of their adversaries.

Let the truth be presented in all its bulk and fair proportions. While instruction is administered in the sacrificial purposes of Christ's mission, let the moral and inimitable charms of his character be commended; while the fact and need of a divine influence to enlighten and sanctify is urged, let the conviction be conveyed, that this influence is necessary to no responsibility, weakens no claim or call for present and intense exertion; while eternal punishment is employed as a strong engine of alarm to the wicked, let the rightness and glory, the immediate and moral advantages of religion, be presented with all possible strength; while the nature and importance of doctrinal truth is inculcated, let the spiritual faculties of men be cultivated, and as its only proper end; let all this be done naturally, not with the stiffness of system and barbaric technicality, but with a free and generous

which, though successful to other men and even to himself, we know to be without legitimate application and force, would be avoided. Every pains would be taken to put ourselves in his position—to look at the subject from his point of view, and through his medium.

It is common for orthodox controversialists to present prominently the penal consequences of unbelief before their opponents—to repeat the denunciations of final wrath which they suppose applicable to their case. This, to say the least, is impolitic. Whatever may be thought, it is unwise thus to treat an adversary. Men are to be convinced by arguments, not by accusations of criminality which they believe to be unfounded, and threatenings which they believe will never be fulfilled. The way to create faith, is to show the evidence of the truth, not the results of error, because those results are not objects of fear until the truth is established. The likelihood is, that solemn maledictions will only weaken and not enforce the reasoning employed. They may express pity, but appear to express scorn, which is no means of winning a favorable attention. They may result from a strong consciousness that we are right,—they may be regarded as one proof that we are wrong. It is necessary to consider not only what is due to fact, but what is due to the views of those whose faith is sought to be corrected.

A careful distinction should be made between what is true and what is false in unitarianism. Considered controversially in the points in which it is opposed to the essential principles of trinitarianism, we reject it, and desire its extinction; but considered in its entirety as a system of belief, there is much in it that demands respectful recognition; and it is but justice, not only to its adherents, but to truth, to separate the evil from the good. We go further. 'Every error is a truth abused.' Most erroneous sects have been characterized, not so much by the absolute groundlessness of their peculiar opinions, as by the exaggerated importance and unreal relations which they have assigned to them. Truth has become false by the manner in which it has been viewed and treated. There is great and constant danger of this in human beings, who are incapable of a full and perfect survey of truth, whose perceptions are powerfully influenced by their passions, and who display an endless diversity of mental constitution and temperament. Hence different doctrines become the distinctive badge of different denominations, the evils of whose existence and collision are, in part, compensated by the security they furnish for the development of the various elements of the Christian faith. Perhaps few denominations exist which do no good service to Christianity in this way, however great a portion of truth they may disfigure or conceal. Has unitarianism no function? Is there nothing in it which tends to the peculiar

manifestation of some truth? Or, if this be esteemed too strong a mode of representation, is it not allied, in fact, though not of necessity, with forms and phases of moral and Christian verities, which demand not only concession but respect? May not the orthodox be instructed by the prominence and way of treating of some sentiments of unquestioned truth and worth, in unitarian theological literature? Notwithstanding the number and magnitude of the scriptural principles which we believe it to reject,—principles which we cannot separate from the full and efficient adaptation of Christianity to human sinners, are there no views which its abettors, from some cause or other, peculiarly excel in exhibiting? Some of our sentiments, which we think are derived from the Bible, possess such a special significance and worth in our estimation, that we are in no little danger of maintaining and enforcing them to the neglect of other sentiments, which, though not equally valuable, are equally parts of Christianity; and the danger is increased, when the greater sentiments are matter of vigorous and wide-spread controversy, and the lesser of little or none; while, on the other hand, unitarians, who reject the former, acquire a facility and force in presenting the latter, which however desirable and useful, is attended with this danger, that the truths and principles of which they make so frequent and efficient mention may become, in popular estimation, identified with their peculiar system, and serve to recommend it. We need not specify instances. They will occur to most persons familiar with the subject. We have been powerfully impressed with the fact of their existence, while comparing the writings of the opposite parties, and not least, while comparing the publications on both sides of the Liverpool controversy. We wish to call attention to the fact, and its lessons. Let trinitarians guard against the tendency to neglect admitted truths while contending for disputed ones, and let them honor and imitate whatever is forcible and excellent in the views or modes of their adversaries.

Let the truth be presented in all its bulk and fair proportions. While instruction is administered in the sacrificial purposes of Christ's mission, let the moral and inimitable charms of his character be commended; while the fact and need of a divine influence to enlighten and sanctify is urged, let the conviction be conveyed, that this influence is necessary to no responsibility, weakens no claim or call for present and intense exertion; while eternal punishment is employed as a strong engine of alarm to the wicked, let the rightness and glory, the immediate and moral advantages of religion, be presented with all possible strength; while the nature and importance of doctrinal truth is inculcated, let the spiritual faculties of men be cultivated, and as its only proper end; let all this be done naturally, not with the stiffness of system and barbaric technicality, but with a free and generous

style of thought and speech; not with metaphysical accuracy, but human warmth. Let each truth be brought out fully and alone, uncrippled and unchecked by the immediate presence of any other truth, which, though quite harmonious with it, may appear, unless explained at length and to the damage of the whole impression, to lack a perfect fraternity. It is time that men abandoned human models, and returned to inspired ones. The Bible, though it teaches truth which is a system, teaches no system of truth. In it, the immediate subject is treated with all the strength and zeal which, if there were no other, it could demand. This is at once the proof of its divinity and humanity; only men would have so felt the greatness of each separate theme as to need them, only men inspired, and not impostors, would have hazarded them. Let the examples thus presented be imitated; let the fulness, and energy, and native freedom, with which the scriptures express the truth, be copied, and a most effective, yea, the only service to which many are competent, will be rendered towards the direct prevention and ultimate destruction of unitarianism and every other form of religious error, while the thoughts and will of God receive a glorious manifestation, and His redeemed creatures become free indeed.

Art. IV. *Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia. With Observations on the Condition of Mohammedanism and Christianity in those Countries.* By the Rev. HORATIO SOUTHGATE. In two vols, London: Tilt and Bogue. 1840.

THESE volumes are similar in character to those of Mr. Malcom on Eastern Asia, which were noticed in a recent number of our Journal. They contain the narrative of a tour of observation conducted under the auspices of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, with a view to ascertain the best localities for the establishment of their missionary operations. The author, a minister of the American Episcopal church, appears to have been eminently qualified for the work to which his brethren appointed him; and to have executed his mission in a manner highly creditable to himself, as well as conducive to the noble object contemplated. We know nothing more of Mr. Southgate than we have learned from these volumes, but we have rarely closed a work which has impressed us more deeply

with respect for the judgment, fidelity, and Christian devotedness of its author.

It is an interesting feature of the American church, that while it has so much to do at home—a good part of which it is actively performing—its zeal is sufficiently ardent and diffusive to contemplate the evangelization of the most distant tribes. The circumstances of the country are precisely those which might furnish a plausible excuse for the neglect of foreign missions; the growth of the population spreading itself out with unexampled rapidity over vast districts till recently unvisited by the arts of civilized life, might have been pleaded in extenuation, if not in actual defence, of a more contracted and indolent policy. Our capabilities, it might have been urged by our transatlantic brethren, are taxed to the utmost by the ever increasing demands of our home population. The vast plains of the west, and the recesses of a thousand forests where our countrymen are but just located, make the first and the loudest demand on our sympathy. The children of our young republic must be supplied with the means of religious instruction before our time or energy can be directed to the inhabitants of other lands; we must guard ourselves from infidelity at home ere we undertake to Christianize other people. Such would have been the language of the American church on the theory which is so popular amongst many of our countrymen. Happily, however, a different standard of Christian duty is recognized by our American brethren, and the result is full of promise to the world. The operations of their home missions are apparent on every track which their widening population takes, raising the monuments of a faith from which all their greatness is derived, and blessing with its salutary influences the various classes of their people. But while thus engaged at home, the American church is not unmindful of the darker regions of the earth, over which various forms of error and cruelty are dominant. The vital energy of Christianity is strikingly shown in the activity which characterizes every branch of this church. Her missionaries are to be seen in every region of the earth, and the converts who attend their ministrations bear witness to the blessing which has followed their labors. Their missionary operations have been characterized by the same energy which has distinguished their other proceedings—they move with the quick step and firm assurance of youth, undeterred by difficulties and undaunted by dangers. Mr. Southgate's mission is illustrative of this feature of American character. It was one of observation and inquiry preliminary to the actual commencement of missionary labor. A vast region but little known to the Christian church was submitted to his scrutiny, and he went forth in the fear of God to gather such materials as would enable his brethren to devise an efficient plan of religious

operation. Two missions, one at Constantinople, and the other among the Jacobite Christians of Mesopotamia, have already grown out of his labors; and we trust that others will speedily be added. The following passage exhibits the instructions received by our author preparatory to his mission.

‘I was directed to consider Persia as the principal field of my mission, while I was left at liberty to extend my inquiries into Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. The course of my travels and the plan of my work were referred to my own judgment, from a well-grounded apprehension that specific directions upon points which must, in the main, be determined by circumstances, would tend to embarrass rather than to aid me. I was instructed, however, to consider the two great objects of my inquiries to be ‘the actual moral and religious state of the inhabitants of the regions which I might visit, and the spots where missionary stations might be most advantageously established.’ I was directed to regard ‘personal travel and daily familiar intercourse with the people’ as the principal means for attaining the objects of my mission, and was instructed to keep a regular journal of my travels and observations. The terms of intercourse with Christians of other denominations were defined in the kindly and judicious expressions of the venerable Bishop White, whose career had not then closed. Finally, I was pointed to the animating fact that I was going forth ‘not at the bidding of a private association, but as the messenger of a church recognizing the obligation of the command of her divine Founder,’ and to this circumstance I was bidden to look for the hope of united and constant prayer in my behalf.’—Vol. i. pp. 51, 52.

Thus counselled by his brethren, Mr. Southgate embarked at New York for France on the 24th of April, 1836, and after a passage of thirty-seven days arrived safely at Havre, from which port he proceeded immediately to Paris, where he ‘spent many ‘days in procuring works for the study of the Oriental languages.’ From Paris he journeyed to Marseilles, whence he sailed on the 2nd of July in a French brig for Constantinople, where he cast anchor on the 31st of the same month. This city may be regarded as the starting point of his mission. He remained there several months, diligently employing himself in acquiring the Turkish language, and in familiarizing himself with the condition and habits of the people whom he designed to visit. It was his first intention to have made the Arabic his special study, but the information he obtained at Constantinople induced him to prefer the vernacular tongue of Turkey. The following remarks on this subject deserve the serious consideration of those who may come after him.

‘My object at Constantinople was the study of the oriental languages preparatory to my tour. My inquiries soon satisfied me that during the time which I expected to devote to it, I could not embrace

so wide a range as I had contemplated. The acquisition of the Arabic alone would require months, and even years, of toil. Besides that, its colloquial use was almost unknown in Constantinople and in most of the countries through which I was to travel. The Turkish, on the contrary, is everywhere spoken throughout the vast dominions of the Sultan, by Christians as well as Mussulmans. It is everywhere the language of government, and generally of trade. It is heard in the bazars even of Bagdad, of Syria, and of Egypt, and it is the vernacular tongue of the northern and western provinces of Persia. I chose it, therefore, in preference to any other, and I never afterwards found reason to repent of my choice. It proved to be the only language which was spoken by some individuals in every town and village through which I passed. In Mesopotamia the Arabic would have done me better service, as would the Kurdish in Kurdistan; but in neither of these countries, so far as I penetrated them, was I ever at a loss to find those with whom I could communicate. The day will come, and, perhaps, is not far distant, when missionaries in the east will devote themselves more than now to itinerant labors, like those of the apostles. The Turkish will then be found the only language which will afford a medium of communication with all the various kindreds of people scattered through Asiatic and European Turkey.—*Ib.* pp. 65, 66.

Our author's residence at Constantinople afforded him many opportunities of observing the social and religious habits of the people. He wisely resolved to fix his residence among the native population, and to divest himself, so far as was possible, of the prejudices which might mislead his judgment. In the execution of this plan, however, he encountered some insuperable difficulties, but the wisdom of the design is strikingly shown in the valuable information he collected from its partial accomplishment. The following passage is too creditable to his candor and sound judgment to be omitted.

‘In accordance with my general plan, I endeavored to obtain lodgings in a Turkish family, or at least in a Turkish quarter, but the result of the attempt showed how difficult a task I had undertaken. Among the few native friends that I had made, most of whom were Christians, there was no one who could be induced to act as my agent in the matter. The proposal, they said, was utterly preposterous. My residence would not be endured among the habitations of Turks, much less in their households. Before my departure from the country, two years subsequent to this date, I had acquired friends who, I believe, would have admitted me to this intimacy, but at the time of which I now speak, I was a stranger and dependent on the good offices of native Christians, who, seldom maintaining themselves private intercourse with the Turks, are, for the most part, neither willing nor able to introduce others to it. I adopted, therefore, the only course that remained to me, and retained the lodgings which I already occupied in the Frank quarter of Pera, and in the house of one of that numerous

class in the Levant, who are natives of the country, but, on the paternal side, of foreign parentage.'—*Ib.* pp. 67, 68.

An extended account is given of the feasts, fasts, and other festivals of the Mahomedan faith, which furnish a more veritable view of Turkish life than we have often met with. Keeping in mind the religious objects of his mission, the author enlarges much more fully on those points of Turkish character than on others which have engaged the attention of previous travellers. His work consequently contains much interesting and valuable information, and may be read with considerable advantage by those who are desirous of ascertaining the present condition of the Mussulman faith. The following account of one of these festivals discloses some points of Turkish character for which many of our readers are probably ill prepared.

'The grand procession of the paschal orison took place this morning within the time prescribed by the Mohammedan law, which permits its celebration at any hour before noon on the tenth of the month Zilhijeh. It issued from the principal gate of the Seraglio, soon after sunrise, and appeared in the following order. First came the inferior officers of the court on horse, followed by the pashas and principal functionaries of state mounted on beautiful steeds, whose furniture was richly decked with precious stones. After these came a band of young men on foot, gaily dressed in lively colors and distinguished by their beauty and knightly bearing. They bore in their hands long waving plumes of the most brilliant hues, which they held high over their heads, as if to secure the royal person whom they surrounded from the vulgar gaze. In the midst of this bright band, his face just discernible through the forest of bending plumes, rode the Sultan, on a noble Arabian charger, which, from his proud and graceful step, seemed conscious that he was bearing the weight of majesty. His saddle-cloth and reins were thickly studded with diamonds set in flowers, the stirrups were of solid gold, and his gorgeous head-piece bore a frontlet, in the centre of which was a magnificent emerald surrounded with diamonds. The Sultan himself appeared, as he always does on horse, with his most regal look and bearing. His face wore that grave and mild aspect that commonly sits upon it in public. After him followed a band of musicians who closed the procession. The whole body moved slowly towards the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, in the vicinity of the Seraglio, between double ranks of artillery-men and musicians. A shout ran along their lines as the Sultan passed. They all wore European military caps, and their entire dress was conformable. The habiliments of the marines were red jackets and white pantaloons, which, with the caps, were entirely new. The latter, indeed, were now introduced into the army for the first time, the common head-gear of the soldiers being the thick woollen *fez* with a huge blue silk tassel pendent behind,—the same as is worn by the Sultan and the greater part of those in civil employ, but which, with

the unshorn heads that are coming into vogue, are (this my own experience afterwards taught me) insupportable on a summer march.

'The Sultan and his cortége dismounted in the Atmeidan, a public square on which the spacious court of the mosque of Ahmed opens, and entered the sacred temple. The morning service immediately began, while another assemblage was formed in the Atmeidan, of the soldiers from the adjacent barracks; for the companies that had served in the pageant of the morning, contrary to many a precept of the Koran, stood by their arms. The service without the mosque was the same as that within. A temporary platform was erected for the Imam, and straw mats were spread for the assembly to kneel upon. I could not, at the moment, discover anything in the various prostrations, genuflexions, and divers other postures of the worshippers different from the common devotions of the mosque, nor indeed is there anything peculiar in this distinguished service of the Mussulman liturgy more than some slight deviations of form from the great prayer of Friday.

'So much of the ample space of the Atmeidan as was not occupied by the worshippers was filled with throngs of Turkish maids and matrons, on foot and in arabas, idle spectators of a ceremony of their religion in which they could not participate.

'The service, which was but little longer than the ordinary service of the morning, being ended, the procession returned in the order in which it came, and disappeared within the walls of the Seraglio. What transpired there I will not pretend to say, excepting that an order soon came out for the marines to enter, and the rumor was circulated among the multitude that the Sultan had sent for them to inspect them in their new dress. They entered, preceded by the band playing a Greek air. Presently a line of cavalry issued from the gate, well mounted and wearing the new cap. As I was crossing the harbor on my return home, I observed that the ships of war were decorated with flags, and their yards manned with marines, who saluted the Sultan as the royal barge shot out from the quay of the Seraglio, and swept by them on its way to the palace of Beshiktash.

'Such was the pageant which accompanied the sacrificial prayer of Bairam. But the festivity which followed was not confined to the court. It extended to every class and condition of society. On the first day the Call to Prayer at the five canonical hours was followed by a salute from the fleet. During the whole of the first feast and the first three days of the second, shops were shut and all labor suspended. The entire Mussulman population was poured into the streets. The cafés were thronged. Every man, woman, and child, appeared in a new dress. The white turbans were never so clean and neatly plaited. Turkish females, in groups of five or six, with their children, in the gayest and richest dresses, strolled through the streets. Friends visited friends, and wished them a happy Bairam, or embraced them as they met without, kissing each other on both cheeks. The inferior paid the same deference to the hand of his patron or superior. Effendis on horseback and ladies in arabas covered the bridge between Stamboul and Galata. Strolling players performed with impunity in the

highways. The sellers of sweetmeats proclaimed their delicacies, and the beggars again plied their importunities in the name of *Bairam*. There seemed in the very word an incentive to mirth and light-heartedness. Yet all was quiet. There was no boisterousness, no indecorum, no extravagant merriment, no loud laughter, much less those contentions, and babblings, and wounds without cause, which are the invariable accompaniments of our more civilized festivities. The reason of the difference is to be found in the habitual moderation and self-command of Turks, and in the absence among them of the grand source of the woe and sorrow which generally follow our own seasons of hilarity. Special care is exercised by the Turkish authorities during *Bairam* to keep Mussulmans from the grog-shops, which, I am sorry to add, are chiefly tenanted by Christians. The only part of the population which give free vent to their mirth are the boys. You may see them riding double on donkeys, racing on horses, or turning on swings, of which there are at least four kinds in use at Constantinople. You may see them playing and tumbling in the courts of the mosques, firing crackers and eating sweetmeats, as New England boys do on the fourth of July. By some, certain hours of the festival are devoted to more serious purposes. The bereaved visit the graves of friends, and sit by them and turn up the sod throughout, as if the sight of the new earth brought into fresh recollection the hour when the loved ones that repose beneath were shut from their eyes.'—*Ib.* pp. 108—112.

Having at length attained a competent knowledge of the Turkish language, our author began to prepare for his departure from the capital. He was fortunate in engaging the services of an intelligent Armenian well acquainted with the countries through which he was about to pass, and with the habits of the people. This attendant, bearing the name of Hohannes, or John, had been educated in the Jesuit's College of Galata, was partially acquainted with eight languages, and had just returned from Persia, whither he had conducted the English ambassador. He proved an invaluable attendant, and contributed greatly, by his adroitness, presence of mind, and intrepidity, to the comfort and safety of his employer. Thus accompanied, and having obtained a firman of the Sultan commanding all magistrates and governors of cities, towns, and provinces to afford him and his attendants 'all needed aid and protection, to show them the rights of hospitality, and to permit them to pass free from all extortions, taxes, and hindrances whatever,' Mr. Southgate embarked in a steamer for Trebizond on the 1st of June, 1837. From Trebizond he proceeded on horseback through a wild and mountainous country, interspersed with patches of cultivation bespeaking the presence of civilized life. This mode of transit brought him into daily contact with the native population, consisting of Turks, Armenians, and Kurds. Abundant opportunities were consequently enjoyed of observing their condition and habits, which are described with a freshness and particularity which it is grati-

lying to meet with. The spirit of reform has penetrated even into Turkey. At Constantinople it is visible in open day, and may be traced, though in a less palpable form, in some of the remoter provinces. Its movements, as might have been expected, are somewhat capricious and erratic, yet its presence is an omen of good at which every friend of humanity must rejoice. Our author's incidental allusions to this subject are distinguished by good sense and discrimination. We should be glad to transcribe some of them did our space permit, but prefer to extract the following passage as bearing more directly on the missionary character of his tour.

‘ Even now, the Bible is by no means a stranger in the hands of Mussulmans, for though those possessed by Christians are supposed to be corrupt, they are, on the whole, respected as the Word of God. Their connexion with Mohammedanism, and the frequent allusions to them in the Koran, render them an object of curiosity, especially to the learned Mussulmans. They are frequently sought after from no other motive than to learn the nature of the doctrines which they teach. Several instances have come to my knowledge in which men in authority have sent requests for copies to Christians whom they knew to possess them. The parts which they choose and read with the greatest pleasure, are the narrative portions, in which they often become intensely interested.

‘ About nine miles distant from Broussa, the first capital of the Turkish Empire, is a village inhabited by a mixed population of Greeks and Turks. On a certain occasion, the latter requested the priest of the village to read the gospel to them. He consented, and sat down with most of the Mussulmans in the village around him, and a copy of the New Testament, procured from an American missionary in Broussa, in his hand. He began and read on amidst almost breathless silence, until the hour of meals had come. His hearers, however, had become so deeply interested in the narrative, that they would not permit him to suspend the reading. He continued, therefore, uninterrupted, until he came to the closing scenes of the life of Christ. Here they stopped, for it is a doctrine of the Mohammedans that it was not Jesus who was crucified, but some one in his appearance and likeness.

‘ The lives of the patriarchs and prophets are also a favorite portion of the Scriptures to the Mussulmans. Their own books are full of stories concerning them. They speak of them with the deepest reverence. They regard them all as veritable Mussulmans, as, in the literal sense of the word, they indeed were. They adopt their names. They respect the places of their birth, and perform pilgrimages to their sepulchres.

‘ The other portions of the sacred writings which Mussulmans read with the highest admiration, are those which abound in moral sentiments and precepts. Such are the Psalms of David and the Proverbs of Solomon. The former are replete with those expressions of adoration

tion and trust in God which are most congenial to a devout Mussulman, and with allusions and resemblances most familiar to the mind of an Oriental. The latter is, throughout, an eastern book. Its apothegmatical and sententious style is that to which the minds of Mussulmans are most accustomed in their own books on moral truth and duty.

‘Not to particularize farther, I may mention the Sermon on the Mount as another portion of Scripture which I have heard Mussulmans read and expatiate upon with evident delight. The only parts of the sacred volume which Mohammed expressly recognized as canonical, were the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospel. The other parts, however, were not rejected, but rather, under the general appellation of *the Scriptures*, acknowledged. They are sometimes read, and are even used to prove the divine authority of the apostleship of Mohammed, for, corrupt as our Scriptures are alleged to be, Mussulman controversialists pretend to find in them predictions concerning their own prophet. It is curious, indeed, to observe how much attention has been given to them by Mohammedan divines. They have been searched not only for the purpose just mentioned, but to detect the corruptions which are supposed to exist in them; and it is not a little singular that the very passages which infidels have adduced as instances of contradictions and inconsistencies, the followers of Mohammed have preferred in proof of a less presumptuous position. Books have also been written to show that it is prohibited to Mussulmans to translate or cite from the Bible, as it now exists, and, in accordance with its supposed character, as being neither entirely pure nor wholly spurious; tradition reports a saying of Mohammed which forbids his followers either to believe in or reject it.

‘Such prohibitions, however do not prevent it from being received and read. It is preserved with great care, and is called, in common with the Koran, *Kitabi Scherif*, or Noble Book. It is impossible to say how far it has gone into circulation among the Mohammedans. It is certain that, at different times, a multitude of copies have been distributed in Turkey. I have sufficient reason to believe that in private it is attentively perused by many individuals, and that it is sometimes read and commented upon in companies of friends. It has been sent into different parts of the kingdom, where, besides those intended for Mussulmans, numerous copies have been distributed among those Christians to whom the Turkish is the vernacular tongue. It has been openly offered for sale and read to Mussulmans at fairs, and presents of copies have been made to governors of towns and other men in authority. In Constantinople from ten to fifteen copies are annually sold to Mussulmans from the depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On one occasion, a copy of the New Testament in each of the three great languages of the Mussulmans—Arabic, Turkish, and Persian—was purchased by officers from the mehkemeh, for the purpose of examining whether the duties required of witnesses were enjoined in the Scriptures of Christians.’—*Ib.* pp. 137—140.

In addition to innumerable villages through which he passed, his rout to Persia lay through several cities of considerable mag-

nitude, in each of which he tarried sufficiently long to collect much valuable information respecting the habits, prepossessions, and capabilities of the people. His estimate of the Turkish character is on the whole favorable: not so that of the Armenian villagers, whose condition as described in the following passage is mournfully characteristic of Turkish misrule.

‘ Their villages may be described in nearly the same words which Xenophon used respecting them 2200 years ago. ‘ Their houses were under ground. In them were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls with their young ;’ and, if it had not been summer, I might have added as he does, ‘ All the cattle were maintained within doors with fodder.’ The houses, however, are not properly subterranean, in the common sense of the term. They are generally made by excavating the earth and raising a wall of loose stones to the required height. Trunks of trees are then laid across for rafters and covered with branches. Then the earth is piled on until the whole is covered, and the fabric attains a semi-globular shape. Sometimes the whole is built upon the surface, but, in both cases, the external appearance is that of a bare mound of earth. As the traveller approaches one of these villages, he discerns nothing at first but an apparent unevenness in the ground. Soon the rounded tops become distinguished. These in summer are covered with cakes of manure formed by the hand and drying for the winter fire, a feature which gives the whole at a distance the appearance of a magnificent collection of dung-heaps.

‘ The houses have generally two apartments, one for the family, and another more interior for the cattle. These are almost entirely without furniture, and are not remarkable for cleanliness. Sometimes there is a rude fire-place, or a hole in the ground which answers the same purpose, the smoke being of too little importance to have special provision made for its egress, excepting a small aperture through the centre of the roof, where, at the same time, a few rays of light seize the opportunity to struggle in. On the plain of Moush many of the houses have a pole on the top, which supports the nest of a stork,

‘ The villagers are mostly herdsmen. They have the buffalo, but of a species unknown in America, the cow, horse, ass, and goat. They subject the cow to burdens. A man's property is estimated by his herds. The produce, yoghurt, cheese, and milk, furnish the chief articles of food. The villagers are poorly clad, timid and servile in demeanor, and their faces are unintelligent and spiritless. They do not appear the same race with the same people in Constantinople, or even in the cities of the interior. In some of the villages which suffer most from the Kurds they wear the aspect of deep misery, and one often wonders at the degradation which can endure such a position without an effort to change it. They are extremely ignorant, and unclean in their persons and their houses. The women are especially ugly and filthy, and their domestic condition is as evil as can well be imagined. They are servilely treated, brutish, idealess, of peevish, complaining tempers, and doing no service without a murmur. They have in many of the villages the care of the herds besides their domes-

tic labors. Both men and women are generally unwilling to give lodging or food, or do it in so slow and sullen a manner as to render their hospitality hardly endurable. There are some exceptions to this picture, especially in the large villages. In some I have been cheered by the sight of domestic industry, cleanliness, and thrift; in some I have been cordially received. But such exceptions are rare.'

—Ib. pp. 203—205.

Much interesting information is furnished respecting the inhabitants of Kurdistan. Those of the mountains are ferocious and predatory, but those of the plains appear to be a thrifty and well disposed people. The following observations on the best mode of introducing Christianity among them are well worthy of attention.

'As, on leaving Broushoran, we leave, altogether, the Kurdish population, until we enter among them again on the south western border of Persia, it may not be amiss to state here, in few words, my impression with regard to the practicability of missionary effort among them. Were there any to go to them with the spirit of the apostles, abandoning, for Christ's sake, every thing on earth, and unrestrained by family ties, they might be instrumental in planting among those wild mountains the standard of the cross. Multitudes of this people, residing in villages, might also be reached by missionaries in the large cities. There is no part of Kurdistan where they can be approached so nearly as on this route, none, at least, where they also retain, as here, their distinctive character and habits. In the case of a mission established in the cities, the best means of approaching them would be through the Christians; the work would, in that case, naturally extend itself to the settled Kurds, dwelling, in many instances, in the same villages with the Armenians. A missionary family could reside in Moush, or in Van. The numerous villages in the vicinity of the former place would render it a very important centre.

'The chief benefits of these missions, however, would be confined to the Christians, and doubtless there are not three other places in the whole of ancient Armenia, which present such advantages for missionary labor among the Armenians, as Moush, Bitlis, and Van. The effect of such a mission upon the Kurds would be slower and later. If they are to be reached immediately and effectually, it must be by a more simple, indeed, but a more self-denying kind of labor. They must be visited as heathen men were visited in the times of the apostles, by devoted soldiers of the cross throwing themselves among them at such hazards as only a primitive faith can endure to contemplate. If the idea of encountering these dangers appears chimerical, is it not because the standard of our faith has fallen far below the elevation which it held among the early followers of Christ?

'However this may be, we know that the grand scope of the commission given to the ministry of the church must, if the church itself is unchanged, of necessity embrace now the same design which it embraced at first—'all the world and every creature.' We know too

that the first ministers of Christ, whose example, in this respect, must be regarded as a practical avowal of the understanding which they put upon the commission under which they acted,—we know, I say, that they carried the tidings of salvation through Christ, to men as barbarous as now inhabit the fastnesses of Kurdistan, and at the cost of as great sufferings as the bearers of the same tidings to the Kurds would be called to endure. Why is it, then, that we contemplate such an enterprise with terror, or reject the idea of it as the product of a visionary zeal? Is it not because we have lost the true, original idea of the ministerial commission; because we distrust the faithfulness of the promise conjoined with it; because, in a word, the church of Christ has left her first love?—*Ib.* pp. 283—285.

From Kurdistan our author passed into Persia, where the American Episcopal church had already established a mission. His meeting with his brethren at Ourmiah was highly gratifying to both parties, and an interesting account is given of their unostentatious labors. The Nestorian Christians appear to regard the missionaries with entire confidence, and some of their clergy, together with one of their bishops, are represented as having placed themselves under their instruction. Mr. Southgate's observations on the course that should be pursued towards these oriental Christians, though indicative of an Episcopalian bias, are characterized by good sense and candor. But we must hasten on to other matters contained in his narrative. Tehran, the present capital of Persia, is represented as a wretched place, presenting none of those points of interest which distinguish many other eastern cities. Its site is unhealthy, and its buildings poor and abject. 'The place presents, in outward appearance, none of the features of a royal city. Its bazars are extensive and are roofed with tile, so as to present a succession of small domes. They are filthy, however, and less attractive in every respect than those of Tebriz. They are thronged with beasts as well as men, which makes a walk through them no easy nor pleasant matter. The streets are peculiarly bad, for the most part destitute of pavements, narrow, irregular, encumbered with filth, and full of dangerous holes. The houses are extraordinarily mean, even for an eastern town, and unsightly ruins, covering, in some instances, extensive areas, frequently meet the eye.' The Shah was absent from the city during the period of Mr. Southgate's visit. The following sketch of his history and character will be read with interest in the present state of our eastern relations.

'The present Shah owes his elevation to the throne to the intervention of foreigners. The old king had appointed his son, Abbas Mirza, his successor, but the death of this prince occurring before his own, he declared in favor of his grandson, the reigning monarch, who was himself a son of Abbas Mirza. In so doing he set aside the claims

of the numerous brothers of Abbas, the most eminent among them, Mohammed Ali Mirza, being now dead, and the Shah wishing that the power should descend in the line of his favorite son. On the decease of the king, Mohammed Mirza, the present Shah, was at Tebriz. Immediately upon the arrival of the news, the English ambassador with his suite, appeared before him and saluted him as king. The British minister, Sir John Campbell, had orders from his government to aid the accession of this prince to the throne. He, therefore, advanced funds to pay the troops of Aderbeijan, who were ready to desert, and marched down with them to Tehran, a British officer leading the van. One of his uncles had already seized the throne, but abdicated immediately upon hearing of the approach of the army. All opposition fell before the young Shah. He entered Tehran triumphant, and his rebellious uncle aided in the ceremony of his inauguration. Sir Henry Bethune (late Col. Lindsay), who had led the army to Tehran, soon afterwards marched to Shiras, routed the malcontents who had gathered there, and finally established the Shah upon his throne.

‘Mohammed Shah is still a young man, being now (1840) about thirty-five years of age. It is reported, that neither his father nor his grandfather entertained very high hopes with regard to him. Abbas Mirza is said to have treated him with neglect, and to have made no effort for bringing him forward and engaging him in public service. When reminded of the imprudence of such a course, he used to reply, ‘What can I do? He is good for nothing.’ The Persians whom I have heard speak of him, use the same language, and lament the destiny which deprived them of Abbas Mirza.

‘Still the Shah is, in some respects, an extraordinary man. Though a reputed Souffee, he is strict in all the duties of his religion, and remarkably pure in his moral character and habits. His Souffeeism, it would seem, shows itself chiefly in his contempt for the ecclesiastics, and in his preference of Souffees for civil officers. He has few or none of the vices of his country. He has but two wives, and only one of them was resident at Tehran. His example, in this respect, is the more remarkable as following immediately upon that of Feth Ali Shah, the inmates of whose harem were sufficient in number to have composed the adult female population of a town of 6000 inhabitants. The present Shah drinks no wine, and does not even use the kalioun. Notwithstanding his contempt for the religious orders, he is himself a bigoted man. His prejudices are strong, and his mind is not of a sufficiently elevated character to rise above them. His most prominent trait is self-will and a dogged obstinacy in his opinions and plans. He is rather penurious in his own expenses, and has very little disposition for regal display; yet he has been imprudently lavish in granting favors, even where no service has been rendered. I had it on good authority that, in the single province of Aderbeijan, he had bestowed pensions to the amount of 250,000 tomans, or about £125,000 sterling. He has some idea of the value of European institutions and European learning, but he has not the character needed for a reformer. From the want of enlarged views he is satisfied with meagre results, and has

not the capacity for framing a full system of reform. Still he would probably encourage any efforts for the general improvement of his people, especially if they were gratuitously rendered. He was so much pleased with the work on Geography laid before him by one of the German missionaries, that he invited the author to Tehran to establish a seminary in the capital.

‘In his private character the Shah is not reputed a cruel man, nor is he an oppressive ruler. Yet his punishments are sometimes terrible, and he makes no effort to relieve his people from the tyranny and extortion of petty governors. The last vice is too deeply ingrained in the civil polity of the country ever to be eradicated by any but a strong and bold hand ; but the apparent severity of the Persian Shahs is, I believe, misjudged by our habit of looking upon the working of a despotic government with feelings grown out of and conformed to our democratic institutions.’—Vol. ii. pp. 78—80.

A lamentable view is given of the moral character of the Persians. Accessible and polite, the impression they first make upon a foreigner is pleasing, which is greatly aided by the contrast of their manners to the reserved and cold demeanor of the Turks. But the illusion soon vanishes, and is succeeded by a painful conviction of their moral degradation. Their national character is a compound of vanity, fickleness, and guile. The sacredness of truth or the binding obligations of a promise appears to be utterly unknown among them. ‘There does not,’ says Mr. Southgate, ‘exist a country where society approaches more nearly to that (which moralists have sometimes imagined) of a community where truth is unknown than in Persia. I learned for myself long before leaving the country, that my only security was in acting upon the supposition that every man was unworthy of trust.’ Having accomplished the object of his mission in Persia, our author proceeded to Bagdad, of the ancient opulence and learning of which but few traces are now visible. Two thirds of the population were carried off a few years since by the plague, and the commercial stagnation which thence resulted has not had time to disappear. Here he remained a month, and was hospitably entertained by Colonel Taylor, the British resident. From Bagdad he returned to Constantinople, through Mesopotamia. This route brought him into frequent contact with the Chaldean Christians, of whose relations to the church of Rome an interesting account is given, which we should be glad to extract if we had not already exceeded our limits. We must, however, make room for the following brief passage descriptive of the religious state of this section of the oriental church.

‘In a word, these Christians seem to be almost entirely destitute of a spiritual idea of religion. They have no distinct conception of our need of divine aid for the renewal of the heart and for the maintenance

of a religious life. They have little of a feeling of the deep corruption and desperate wickedness of the natural mind, little of an inward sense of their need of a Saviour from sin, little of bright hopes of heaven, little of a knowledge of or sympathy with its bliss of holiness. Their fears, their hopes, and their religious views cluster around the externals of religion and rest there. They have the form, and, among the churches of the east, a remarkably pure form of Christianity, and I am not prepared to say that there are not among them some truly spiritual, though feeble and uninstructed believers in Christ; but after all the conversations which I had, and after all which I saw of their devotions and practices, I could not avoid being deeply impressed with the conviction that Christianity was, with most of them, a form without a power.'—*Ib.* p. 247.

Mr. Southgate has not detailed the latter part of his journey, as he is about to proceed on a second visit to the countries which it embraced. On this account he has deemed it wise—and we concur with him in opinion—to withhold his first impressions till he has had an opportunity of subjecting them to the test of further observation. He finally arrived at New York on the 30th of December, 1838, having been absent from his native country rather more than two years and a half. His narrative is written in a clear, sensible, and manly style, and though somewhat too minute in its details of his route, never fails to sustain the interest of his reader. His privations and sufferings must have been great, but there is a sweet spirit of Christian confidence and hope diffused throughout his volumes which enables him cheerfully to make the sacrifices which his mission entailed. We take our leave of him with unmingled respect, and earnestly recommend his work to the attentive perusal of our readers.

Art. V. *A Manual of Land and Fresh-Water Shells of the British Islands, with Figures of each of the Kinds.* By WILLIAM TURTON, M. D. A new edition, thoroughly revised and much enlarged, by JOHN EDWARD GRAY, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. x. and 324. 1840.

IT is not many years since conchology was regarded, by even well educated persons, as little more than an elegant amusement,—a collecting of beautiful toys, rather than a serious branch of natural history;—a mode of amusement for persons of leisure, and of exercise for amateur painters in water colours, rather than a field for peculiarly instructive physiology,* and the demonstra-

* See the portions which treat upon the *Invertebrata* in the admirable work of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, *Principles of General and Comparative Physiology*.

tion of a necessary part in the series of animated nature. The opinion was widely spread that to form a correct acquaintance with the animals themselves, upon a scale approaching to adequacy, was altogether hopeless; and that therefore their *dwelling-places* only should be to us the objects of study and arrangement. Men of science were partly alienated and partly misled. Many eminent naturalists, as well as some who were only empirical, labored amidst perplexity and discouragement. Even the industry and sagacity of Linnæus failed him here, as in mineralogy. Yet his classification was extensively adopted and long retained, till the indefatigable researches of Cuvier and Lamarck opened the right direction for the study of this great class, and presented the materials in their proper comprehension of both the shell and the inhabitant. The Linnæan arrangement kept its ground in our country longer than in any other; owing, in a great measure at least, to the obstructions and the prejudices maintained by the melancholy period of war. Since 1815, however, a nobler state of feeling and action has prevailed; the scholars, mathematicians, and scientific men of Britain and France have come to know each other better, and gladly to reciprocate kind offices, and the fruits of their respective attainments. Men whom an honorable veneration had the most attached to the Linnæan arrangement, felt themselves compelled to relinquish it, as irremediably defective, and incapable of furnishing a basis for the annexation of new discoveries. In both these respects, the system of Lamarck is now approved universally, or nearly so. It is founded on just views of physiological facts, and it is therefore susceptible of addition and improvement, without infringing its symmetry.

The number of the known living species of this class, nearly amounts to eight thousand; and, no doubt, many are yet to be discovered. Of fossil species, the larger part of which do not exist in the present condition of the earth, the ascertained number is above five thousand. These numbers far exceed the proportion between the recent and the fossil groups of the other classes of animals, not even excepting the Zoophytes. Thus, of existing animals which nourish their young by milk secreted in teats, there are about twelve hundred known species; but the fossil species are scarcely two hundred: of birds we have six thousand living species; of fossil remains the vestiges in all ways scarcely make out fifty: of living fishes, eight thousand species; of fossil but about one-tenth of that number: of reptiles, including the batrachians, probably near two thousand of existing species, while of the fossil perhaps one hundred have been ascertained. It must however be remembered that some of these classes did not live in circumstances favorable to their being preserved; and another fact is important, that many of the fossil species were rich in their population or number of individuals to

an amazing degree. We return from this digression, into which we were led by the unavoidable reflection of the aid which recent and fossil conchology give to each other. The animals that live in shells are of the most soft and perishable structure; but the habitations themselves, when once imbedded in any mineral stratum, will endure for unknown ages, and, when the native matter has been slowly carried away, each particle has been replaced by the earthly substance moulded upon itself, and finally producing a perfect cast of the specimen. Also, though the same species are not found beyond a moderate ascent into the earth's antiquity, many of the same genera appear; and, when these fail, the principle of analogy holds in a manner the most instructive, and beautifully demonstrating the unity, power, and wisdom of the universal Creator.

Dr. Martin Lister, a century and a half ago, set the example of considering both the shells and the animals, in the second and third parts of his *History of the Animals of England*; and in his three *Anatomical Disquisitions upon Snail and other Land-Shells*. The former work was published in 1678, and the latter in 1694, 5, and 6. After a long period, this just method, revived (as we have said) by Lamarck and Cuvier, is now universally received. The labors of Col. George Montagu, in his *Testacea Britannica*, 1803 and 1808, are entitled to the most honorable notice, in both the respects which we have mentioned. Mr. Gray says of him—'Few have been willing to do sufficient justice to Montagu's great merit; for he was almost the first zoologist in modern times, who attempted to pay any attention to the animals inhabiting shells, and we should recollect that, during the whole time he was writing, he was shut out by the war from any communication with our continental brethren, and was solely dependent on his own energies.'—p. 167.

Of every study, a beginning must be made, and it is always important to make such a beginning with objects and materials the most easily attainable. Let then those who resolve to become acquainted with this interesting department in the beauties and wonders of creation, commence with the *land and fresh-water shells* of our own country. Though inferior in size and splendor to the marine kinds, especially those of hot climates, they are a sufficient preparative for studying the whole science, they furnish a number of examples which will qualify for the extended investigation of exotic specimens, and they may be easily obtained in our rural districts.

The present work, therefore, we hail with great satisfaction: but that satisfaction would have been greater if Mr. Gray had made it entirely an original work of his own. To have so done would have cost him, we think, much less trouble than he has here gone through, and his labour would have been, not only

more agreeable to himself, but more beneficial to his readers. The composite character of the book has prevented the unity of object and symmetry of arrangement which are of the first necessity in a work of science. We naturally and very earnestly desire to know exactly what parts of the volume are Dr. Turton's, and what are the improvements, corrections, and additions of Mr. Gray. The latter portions of matter are certainly extensive, and they ramify through the whole structure of the work. We should also have been especially gratified, speaking on the behalf of the public, if Mr. G. had embodied in the introductory part of this volume a paper of his own, of singular merit, which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833.

The alterations in systematic arrangement and nomenclature, in which both British and French naturalists have freely indulged themselves, we cannot but lament. An uncontrollable necessity, we admit, existed till lately; but now, seeing that Lamarck's system is generally received, and that the boldest innovators acknowledge the soundness of its basis, and the physiological propriety of its principles of classification, we cannot but earnestly desire that it might be closely and universally retained. It may and probably will be necessary to constitute new genera, and possibly families, and there can be no doubt that many species are yet to be discovered; but the orders and classes should not be disturbed. In forming new specific names, the greatest care should be taken for precluding any inducement to change hereafter, by securing propriety, simplicity, and etymological purity; and they should be formed from the Latin, while the generic terms are Greek. But alterations which touch class or even order, and changes of generic names which have once received the hall-mark, though some refined argument of more precise notification may be urged, ought to be sternly resisted. Hence, we should have been the more gratified had Mr. Gray adhered to the nomenclature of Lamarck. The deviation which he has permitted himself may plead greater convenience for the confined purpose of the present volume; but this immediate and temporary advantage is not adequate to that of training the student to the strict practice of the language which he must use for universal conchology; since to that most comprehensive form of the science every one ought to aspire. We have also another reason for entertaining this opinion. It is our earnest desire, and we would say our *hope*, that, provided his official engagements permit,* our so well qualified author would compose and

* Mr. Gray has been appointed to succeed the eminent naturalist, Mr. Children, in presiding over the zoological department of the British Museum; an appointment full of advantage to the public, and reflecting honor upon

publish a complete synopsis of general conchology; presenting the system in the most luminous form, avoiding the extremes of sullen brevity and needless amplification, giving under each genus a sufficiently characteristic list of all the known species, and figures, in the style of those in the volume before us, of two or three species under each genus, and presenting adequate though concise notices of the place, habits, and physiology of the animals. Such a work is wanted in an extreme degree. It could not be small, nor at a low price, but it need not be of extravagant size and cost; and we are persuaded that a suite of volumes, answering to the idea which we indulge, would be gratefully received by the public, and would have an extensive circulation and permanent value.

Our regret is, that Mr. Gray did not succinctly describe Lamarck's ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth classes; the two orders of the eleventh, and the five of the twelfth, and then state that the objects of description in this work belong only to a small part of the third section of the first order, and the first of the second order of the eleventh class, namely, *Cl. Conchifera*, *Ord. Dimyaira*, *Sect. Lamellipeda*, *Fam. Conchæ* and *Naiada*; and *Ord. Monomyaira*, *Sect.* with ligament marginal and long, *Fam. Mytilacea*: and to the second and third orders of the twelfth class, namely, the *Gasteropoda* and the *Trachelipoda*,—orders which are by far the most abundant in species in the present condition of the earth.

Mr. Gray's method appears more simple and easy, but we are persuaded that, for the ulterior and more comprehensive purpose which we have mentioned, it would have been better to keep in the beaten track.

We shall cite a part of the passage to which we refer. It comes under the head 'SYSTEMATIC DISTRIBUTION.'

'MOLLUSCA is the name given to that large division of the animal kingdom which is characterised by having a soft fleshy body, destitute both of a bony skeleton supporting jointed limbs, and of a hard ringed skin.

'They are covered with a muscular coat called a *mantle*, endued with a glairy humor, and are generally furnished with a calcareous envelope, called a *shell*, which is secreted by this coat for the protection of the body or of the more vital organs of the animal.

'They are generally elongate, walking on a single central foot or disk, and furnished with one or more pairs of organs on the head and sides. Their nervous system, which furnishes the most distinctive

the judgment and fidelity of the high personages who have made it. They are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

characters of the larger groups of the animal kingdom, merely consists of a certain number of medullary masses distributed to different parts of the body ; one of the masses being placed over the gullet, and enveloping it like a collar.

‘ This division of the animal kingdom is subdivided into five classes, in the following manner :

‘ A. *Crawling on a foot placed under the body.*

‘ I. *Gasteropodes*, which have a distinct head, furnished with eyes and tentacles, and are usually protected by a conical spiral shell.

‘ II. *Conchifers*, having the mouth placed between the gills, they and the body enclosed between the two leaves of the mantle, which are covered with *two* shelly valves united by a cartilage.

‘ B. *Destitute of any foot.*

‘ III. *Brachiopodes*,—having the mouth placed at the base of two spirally twisted ciliated arms, between the two leaves of the mantle, which are covered with two separate shelly valves. They live attached to other marine bodies.

‘ IV. *Pteropodes*,—having a prominent head, with one or two pairs of fins on the sides of the neck, by which they swim about in the ocean. The body is often covered with a thin glassy conoidal shell.

‘ V. *Cephalopodes*,—which have a large distinct head, furnished with eight or ten arms, by means of which they walk head downwards.

‘ Linnaeus refers all the animals inhabiting shells to five different genera, viz. *Limax*, *Ascidia*, *Anomia*, *Clio*, and *Sepia*. These genera may be regarded as the types of the classes proposed by Cuvier. Poli had, before his time, considered three of them as orders, under the names of *Mollusca*, *Reptantia*, *Subsiliencia*, and *Brachiata*.

‘ The terrestrial and fluviatile Mollusca, of which alone we have to treat in this little work, are confined to the first two of these classes. [Mr. G. merges the Trachelipodes in the Gasteropodes.]

‘ The shell, which is peculiar to this division of the animal kingdom, may be seen covering the young animal in the egg, before it has gained all its organs ; as was observed by Swammerdam, and verified by the more extended observations of Pfeiffer, Turpin, and others. They are easily seen in the egg of the *Limnæi*, *Physæ*, *Ancyli*, and *Bithiniæ*, which have a transparent coat.

‘ The shells of the newly-hatched animals have been frequently considered as distinct species ; and some very thin shells of land Mollusca, such as *Vitrinæ*, have been taken for the young of other well-known species, as *Helix hortensis*. These young shells are easily known by their always being of a pale horn colour ; the whorls are generally rather irregular, and enlarge very rapidly ; and the apex of the whorl which was first formed is generally large and blunt, compared with the size of the shell. They are always destitute of colour, for the animal does not deposit the coloring matter until after it has been hatched ; and it is therefore generally easy to distinguish in the young shell (and sometimes also in the adult) that part of the top of the spire which formed the shell of the animal when in the egg.

‘ The shell is formed by the hardening of the animal matter, which is secreted by certain glands on the surface of the body, by means of

chalky matter which is also secreted by similar glands. It has been stated that the unhatched animal, very shortly after it is formed, begins to make its shell; and, when it is hatched, deposits on the edge of the mouth of the little shell which covered its body in the egg, a small quantity of the mucous secretion. This dries; and is then lined with some mucous matter intermixed with calcareous particles; and when this hardens, it again places on its edge another very thin layer of the mucous secretion, and again lines it as before. The mucous secretion first deposited forms the outer coat of the shell, and is of use in protecting it from injury, while the mucous matter mixed with lime, which is placed within it, forms the substance of the shell itself. This deposition of mucus, and of mucus mixed with calcareous matter, goes on as the animal grows, and feels the want of a larger shell for its protection: the shell is in fact moulded on the body of the animal itself, as the body grows; and for this reason any irregularity in the body is moulded in the shell.

‘The animal has the faculty also of mending any break or injury that its shell may have received, if it is not of such a magnitude as to derange all the functions of the animal itself: and it mends them in the same manner as it forms its shell; that is to say, by depositing first a coat of animal matter, and then lining it with mucous matter mixed with chalk, to harden it. But as the animal is usually very desirous of getting the repairs done as quickly as possible, and is most probably damaged by the injury it has received, these repairs are generally much more roughly executed than the shell itself, and commonly destitute of regular color.

‘The particles, which vary the color of the surface of the shell, are deposited while the shell is being increased in size, immediately under the outer mucous coat: and, as these particles are also secreted by peculiar glands, the color is always situated in a particular manner on each species, the glands being gradually enlarged, and gradually separated, but not changed in position by the growth of the shell. All the variations exhibited in the coloring of the different species, or in the different individuals of the same species, are produced by the permanent or temporary interruption of the action of these glands.’

—pp. 72—76.

In regard to this citation, we must repeat our regret that no method is furnished to enable the reader to distinguish Mr. Gray's additions from the original matter of Dr. Turton. There is here a clumsiness of diction which is not favorable to perspicuity. We doubt whether an uninstructed person (and for the aid of such in their laudable efforts books like this ought to be adapted), would comprehend the first sentence in the tenth paragraph: ‘Animal matter, which is secreted by certain glands—by means of chalky matter which is also secreted.’ Such a reader, attempting to make out the meaning, might ask, how glands secrete animal matter by means of chalky matter; and whether it is proper to say that the chalky matter is secreted at all? The information

intended might be given by saying, that as all animals derive mineral matter, chiefly lime and silex, from water and earth, this class of animals, the Testacea, is endowed with the property of largely separating carbonate of lime from water, which holds that substance in solution, and probably also from mineral masses with which they come into contact, and of combining it with the mucus (gelatin) superficially secreted by appropriate glands: the carb. l. is taken up by another system of glands in its most attenuated (probably molecular) state: it is combined with the mucus, and then deposited in the minutest parts; the substance thus produced soon becomes hard and insoluble, is increased by successive layers, and constitutes the shell. We cannot also but wish that one term had been used constantly to designate the carbonate of lime, for it is possible that some readers may be perplexed, and may suppose that some recondite philosophy lies in the variety of terms, *chalk*, *chalky matter*, *lime*, *calcareous matter*.

The load of diverse nomenclature is, we confess, a necessary evil; but we wish to see it lightened as much as possible. We are, indeed, obliged by the long list of synonyms under every species, and we admit that Dr. Turton and Mr. Gray were not at liberty to correct the etymological mistakes of the authors whom they cite; but we should have been glad to see some corrective administered to the evil, when the multiplication of names arises from nothing but ignorance. Thus we have *Limnæus*, *Limneus*, *Lymnæus*, *Lymnus* (perhaps an error of the printer), *Lymneus*, *Limnea*, and *Lymnæa*,—designations of one well known genus. Of these forms the first only is correct, answering to *λιμναῖος*, the adjective from *λίμνη*, a pool, pond, or bog. None of the rest can plead classical propriety; for there is no such word as *λύμνη*, and there is no adjective from *λίμνη* making the penult in *ει*, to justify the termination *eus*. As for the termination of gender, *us* or *a*, that must depend upon the understood substantive. Those who prefer the feminine had probably *ἑλιξ*, *helix* (a spiral, corkscrew, &c.), in their minds; but that word is never used, in either Greek or Latin, to signify any animal. The most rational reference of the ellipsis is *Limax* or *Turbo*; therefore we should abide by the masculine ending.

Again: we read 'ANCYLUS (River Limpet), so called from 'the close connexion by which the circumference of the shell is 'fixed to its attachment; or perhaps from the conical point, resembling the handle of a cover; in which case it should be 'written *Ansulus* or *Ansylus*.' p. 247. Both these suppositions are erroneous. Perhaps the author of the first derivation had in his mind the surgical term (which is itself a barbarized word) *Anchylosis*. The second seems to have been invented on the ground of a supposed formation as a diminutive, from *Ansa*; a philological impossibility. The word is nothing but *ἀγκύλος*,

bent, crooked ; expressing an obvious characteristic of the summit.

Among the water-snails (*Paludinidæ*) a separate genus has been erected under the name *Bithinia* ; and having two British species, *tentaculata* and *ventricosa*. In the generic term we strongly suspect some philological oversight. If any allusion were intended to the ancient province in Asia Minor (which seems unlikely), the word should be Bithynia. According to an established and reasonable custom, names of *genera* ought to be from the Greek mint ; excepting the instances (barely pardonable, but which, when once established, ought to be saved from innovation) in which this method has been resorted to for honoring any illustrious naturalist. We know not how to apply that solution in the present case : and the term is utterly irreconcilable with the marks of the Greek or even Latin coinage.

Indeed, the whole nomenclature of natural history cries aloud for a thorough revision. The mass of synonyms is an enormous evil, but the collections of them cannot be dispensed with. The more reason there is for wishing that *the best* term were determined, placed at the head of every article, and with rigorous loyalty adhered to.

While making these remarks, we must add our regret that, in the valuable work before us, we find no table explanatory of the abbreviations of reference. These are frequently single letters. Many readers may not be aware that t. stands for both *volume* and *plate*, and f. for a single *figure* on a plate.

For completing our account of this volume, we shall quote a periodical conducted by a combination of the most eminent naturalists in our country ; Sir William Jardine, Mr. Prideaux J. Selby, Dr. Johnston, Professor Don, and Mr. Richard Taylor : the *Annals of Natural History*, vol. v. p. 288.

‘ Mr. Gray has fully supplied the deficiencies [in Dr. Turton’s original work], and has produced a work of a very different and far higher character ; which, except in name, in a portion of the descriptive letter-press, and in the greater part of the figures accompanying it, may be regarded as entirely new.

‘ Mr. Gray’s *introduction* includes, among other interesting matter, a detailed account of no fewer than fifty species of land and fresh-water shells which have been erroneously, as he believes, introduced into the British list, with his reasons for their exclusion ;—an outline of the geographical distribution of the native species, both with reference to other parts of the world and to the topographical divisions of our own country, accompanied by a tabular view ;—notices of the localities which different species select ;—an enumeration of the *fossil* species, belonging to land and fresh-water genera, hitherto discovered in Great Britain ;—an historical review of the additions made to this department of our Fauna by each successive writer, from Merret downwards ;—and a list of the British and the principal foreign works treating on the subject.

‘ An *Artificial Table of the Genera*, constructed for the use of the mere conchologist who confines his observations to the shell, is followed by some observations on the principal points to be attended to in the description of shells, founded on their relation to the animal, with reference to which alone they can be properly studied ; and we then arrive at the more strictly systematic part of the work, the only part in which any portion of Dr. Turton’s *Manual* has been retained. But even here, all that has been derived from the original work consists of the mere characters and descriptions of the shells, with a few occasional observations, all of which have undergone revision ; while the outline of the distribution of *mollusca*, the characters of the classes, orders, families, and genera, the descriptions of the animals, the physiological and other notices accompanying these descriptions, &c., &c., which constitute the chief value of the work, have been added by Mr. Gray.

‘ The number of species described amounts to 128, arranged under thirty-eight genera ; and all of these (with one exception, *Vertigo angustior*, which as the author states, could not be procured) are figured in the plates. Supplementary tables containing the more recently discovered species, having been added to those previously contained in Dr. Turton’s work. The original plates have also, it is stated, been revised, compared with the specimens, and corrected where necessary ; and enlarged details of some of the smaller species have been added. Wood-cut illustrations representing *the animals* of the different families, and of most of the genera, together with a few of the shells, have also been introduced in the form of vignettes, and the work is got up in a handsome and creditable style.

‘ It would be superfluous to recommend such a work, and so edited, to those for whose use it is intended, and to whom it can only be necessary to indicate its existence and contents.’

These sentiments, cited from so high an authority, augment the regret which we have before expressed, that Mr. Gray did not employ his great knowledge and talents in the composition of a work upon a more logical and luminous plan, and entirely his own, rather than have trammelled himself with the arrangements and expressions of another mind. This would have cost him not more trouble, and would have been a greater benefit to the assiduous cultivators of this elegant branch of natural knowledge.

We must add, that both the theoretical interest and *the practical usefulness* of this work are increased by an appendix of such details as are often passed over in silence by learned writers on this kind of subjects, whether from a sort of pride which will not descend to rustic homeliness ; or from what is too often the fact, that the student in the cabinet is not always the patient explorer of muddy ponds and ditches. This appendix is an abstract from a recent work of M. Bouchard Chantreux upon the *Land and River Molluscs of the District of Calais*. It relates to the time of activity of this class of animals, day or night, their haunts, their

food, the characters of the eggs and the young, their growth, and their full age.

Mr. Gray concludes his work with the act of impressive adoration; 'O LORD, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom 'hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches.' Ps. civ. 24.

-
- Art. VI. 1. *Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap-Book for 1841. With Poetical Illustrations.* By MARY HOWITT. London: Fisher, Son, and Co.
2. *The Juvenile Scrap-Book.* By Mrs. ELLIS. For 1841. London: Fisher, Son, and Co.
3. *Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1841.* Edited by FREDERIC SHOBERL. London: Ackerman and Co.
4. *Letters from under a Bridge and Poems.* By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. London: George Virtue.
5. *The Parlour Table-Book.* Written and Selected by the Author of 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets.' London: Rickerby.

AMIDST our graver occupations it is pleasant occasionally to turn to such volumes as now lie before us. Critics, like schoolboys, require times of recreation, when the mind may unbend itself, and profitably engage in pleasant pastime. Such alternations are as salutary to the mind as to the body, and if not occurring too frequently, will be found to exert a healthful and bracing influence. The intellect cannot always be employed with the abstract discussions of philosophy or the grave ratiocinations of morals without losing its elasticity or contracting the sphere of its usefulness. It is, therefore, wise as well as pleasant to mingle the light with the grave, to turn occasionally from the sage oracles of our philosophy to listen to the songs of Parnassus or the tales of fiction. More progress will thus be made even in abstruse research, than by an entire neglect of the lighter departments of our literature. In such seasons and in such occupations the wearied spirit gathers up its strength, and springs forward with a vigor and buoyancy of which it would otherwise be wholly destitute. We critics are sadly belied in this acrimonious and fault-finding age; many a gentle reader deems us sadly wanting in the charities of life, yet we verily believe that their own countenances are not more radiant with pleasure than ours as we con over the pages and scrutinize the engravings of these beautiful volumes. They are not to be regarded solely or even principally, as works of literature—the

poet and the tale-teller are both subordinate to the artist, from whose pencil their chief attraction and distinctive characteristics are derived. It is as works of art that we regard them, and in this point of view they are not unworthy of patronage.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book is an old favorite with the public, and appears this year with equal claims to favor as on any former occasion. It contains thirty-six well selected engravings descriptive of foreign and English scenery, with a few portraits of distinguished personages—living and dead—intermingled. Some of these plates are of distinguished merit, but having appeared in former works, need not be particularized here. A higher end than the gratification of taste is accomplished by these productions of our artists, they instruct as well as entertain by rendering more distinct and vivid our conception of distant regions and foreign habits. While sitting by our own fireside, with all the comforts of an English home about us, we are thus enabled to gain some faint conception of the sublime and beautiful aspects under which the works of God are to be seen in distant lands. This is no trifling advantage, and may be made subservient to high ends in the development and cultivation of the intellect. The present volume, like its immediate predecessor, is edited by Mrs. Howitt, who, in a short preface, characterized by good feeling, gratefully acknowledges the favor extended to her former labors, and avows her hope that she shall continue to deserve it. ‘An author’s best rewards,’ says Mrs. Howitt, ‘is the good will of the public; I say his *best*, for the public has discrimination, and does not zealously, and with one voice, applaud what is unworthy,—therefore to have won the public goodwill, is to have deserved it. I am grateful, and will continue to deserve it.’

The plates are accompanied by a running lyrical commentary, displaying the striking peculiarities of the editor’s muse. Mrs. Howitt frequently sacrifices the melody of her versification to the production of graphic effect. She paints her scenes to the eye, and they stand life-like before us, but her end is attained at a cost which must render her productions less popular with many fastidious readers than they otherwise would be. The following stanzas are a fair sample of the literary contents of the volume.

‘KATHARINE AIRLIE.

‘Among the old traditions of my own family, is one which always interested me greatly. It is of a gentleman whose name was John Vavasour. He was handsome, and of good fortune; and, about the age of five and twenty, married a young lady from the north, by name Katharine Airlie. She was of good family, but without fortune; singularly handsome, and of the most amiable manners. Vavasour was of dissipated habits, and lived much in London, associating with the gayest men of the time. He never acknowledged himself as

married, but kept his wife, whom he treated with great neglect, and even cruelty, at a small house in Huntingdonshire. His dissipation led to his ruin ; and with broken health, and sorely diminished means, came remorse, and some kindly affection towards his unoffending and ill-used wife. Like the prodigal son, he returned, intending to atone for so many years of unkindness : but he came too late ; she had been buried only a few days, having died, as was believed, of a broken heart. His distress of mind at this unlooked-for event overturned his reason, and for about seven or eight years thereafter, he was the inmate of a madhouse.

‘ Oh, take that picture from the wall !
 Dark shadow o’er my soul doth fall !
 The past, the past returneth all !
 Why didst thou die so early ?
 I dare not look upon thy face ;
 Grief rends my heart like black disgrace ;
 I think upon thy last embrace,
 Ill-fated Katharine Airlie !

‘ Thy father’s bending form I see ;
 Thy gentle mother’s trust in me,—
 I think of them, then think of thee,
 And curse myself severely !
 I loved thee in my sinless youth ;
 Thou gavest me thy maiden truth ;
 Thy heart, thy love, thy life in sooth ;
 My generous Katharine Airlie !

‘ Thou never spakest word unkind !
 I only bore an altered mind ;
 I, I was fool, perverse, and blind ;
 Thou loved’st me sincerely !
 Thou never spakest word severe ;
 I saw unmoved thy pleading tear ;
 Thy words of woe I would not hear,
 Heart-broken Katharine Airlie !

‘ Thou art avenged, mine injured wife !
 I with myself have bitter strife :
 I feel the curse is on my life.
 And I deserve it fairly !
 I cannot bless thee now I would !
 Thou hast departed to the good.
 It was not meet, not just I should,
 Who wronged thee, Katharine Airlie !

‘ Oh, let me go ! I feel this room
 Like to some prison-house of doom,
 More dark, and narrower than the tomb,
 Where art thou gone so early !

But little hold of life I have !
My brain is rocking like the wave !
Thou wilt not spurn me from thy grave,
My wife, my Katharine Airlie !

The volume contains four posthumous lays of Miss Landon, the former editor, whose premature and tragical end was regarded with deep sorrow by a numerous class of admirers. We select the following for its simplicity and tenderness.

‘ NEFTAH IN THE JEREED.

‘ The word Jereed implies the Country of the Palm Branches ; and the little azure sparrow, the subject of the following poem, is peculiar to that district, and is called The Father of Friendship.

‘ It is a little azure bird,
It has a plaintive cry,
It singeth mournful to the eve,
When none beside are nigh.

‘ But not the less its gentle song
Ariseth for the noon ;
The day has not a lonely hour,
Unknowing that sweet tune.

‘ It loveth those with whom it lives,
It loveth where it dwells ;
When the green palm extends its shade
Above the desert wells.

‘ Never those azure wings expand,
But on their southern wind ;
At once it dieth, if it leave
Its native sands behind.

‘ It pineth with familiar love
For its accustomed sky ;
And even in a golden cage,
It lieth down to die.

‘ And for the love it beareth them,
The natives hold it true,
That whosoever kills this bird,
Himself must perish too.

‘ A simple but a kind belief,
To keep it free from scaith ;
And blessed whate’er in this cold world
Awakens love or faith.’

The Juvenile Scrap-Book will prove an acceptable visitor to our young friends, whose favor it solicits, and for whose entertainment and instruction it is well adapted. The volume contains sixteen engravings, with appropriate historical and descriptive illustrations by Mrs. Ellis, who in a modest preface craves indulgence for her present labor on the ground of her sojourn in a foreign land, and consequent separation from the 'impressions and associations' of home. In common with a large circle of friends, we deeply regret the cause of her absence from England, and trust the speedy renewal of her esteemed husband's health will render that absence but temporary. A life of such varied and useful labors can ill be spared by the church of Christ. Mrs. Ellis has succeeded very happily in linking together several of the plates, and has thus produced a more striking contrast or a more continuous and instructive narrative than could otherwise have been effected. As an instance of the former we may specify *the Heathen Temple at Tivoly*, *Malan Cathedral*, and *Dormeuilleuse*, the scene of Felix Neff's evangelical ministry; and of the latter, *Loch-Leven Castle*, *Escape of Queen Mary*, and her *Embarkation*. The following stanzas, forming part third of the poetic illustration of the first of these groups, will give an average specimen of Mrs. Ellis's muse.

' THE PILGRIM'S REST.

' From the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise—
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay,
Turn thee, pilgrim—haste away.

' Here, what horrors meet thy sight,
Mountain wastes, of trackless height;
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,
While in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and woe!

' Here, what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll,
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt, and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here.'

' Tempter—cease. Thy words are vain,
'Tis no dream of worldly gain,
'Tis no hope in luxury dressed,
'Tis no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort, or repose,
Laurels me to these Alpine snows,

‘ I would seek, amid this wild,
Fervent faith’s devoted child.
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lip are words that glow,
In his bosom depths of love,
Filled from heaven’s pure fount above.

‘ I would follow, where his feet
Mountain-rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand ;
There I fain would bend my knee,
’Tis the place of prayer for me.’

The Forget Me Not appears this year with the familiar countenance of an old companion, whose snatches of poetry and pleasant tales always make his society productive of hilarity and entertainment. The engravings possess no great merit, but several of the literary contributions are entitled to considerable praise. We have marked for extract two poems by our old favorite Mr. Charles Swain, the one entitled *A Song*, and the other *The Wife of Sir Walter Raleigh*, both beautiful and worthy of preservation, but we must wave our purpose in favor of the following, by J. Forbes Dalton, Esq., in which, if we mistake not, many of our readers will recognize feelings with which their own hearts have been familiar.

THE FIRST-BORN.

‘ Hope and fear, philosophers say,
Chequer our lives like night and day ;
And so, perhaps, they usually may.
But pleasanter far are feelings between,
Like the summer sunset and twilight scene,
When the brilliant heavens are all serene,
And the earth is clad in her darkest green,
And we quietly gaze in deep delight,
With our hopes and our fears all out of sight,
Not wishing for day nor dreading the night.

‘ Now, in such a mood for about a year,
It might have been less, but ’twas very near,
Had our good yeoman lived. For why ?
He’d won the maiden of his choice,
His hopes and fears had all gone by,
He’d nothing left but to rejoice.

‘ And that he did in such a style,
It would have cheered your heart to see ;
He seemed to live on Mary’s smile,
And laughed with such a boyish glee.

How rapidly time sped his flight !
He loved as when love first began,
She was his whole and sole delight,
And Mary loved her ' own good man.'
A happier home, a happier lot,
They both declared the world held not.

' But hope and fear, long driven away,
Both came back on the self-same day.
Mary was ill and kept her bed,
John felt a very odd pain in his head,
Which his sister said was merely a whim,
And nobody else seemed to care for him.

' For there came an old lady who bustled about,
And contrived very soon all his household to rout.
For, although not a lady of high degree,
That she deemed herself mistress 'twas easy to see.
Yet, though ever in motion, still quiet was she,
As she glided along and appeared to be
Engaged in some awful mystery.

' How Mary was, John wished to know ;
The nurse declared he ' must not talk ;'
He paced his parlour to and fro,
But ' there,' she said, he ' must not walk.'

' He sat him down and laid his head
Upon his palm—all—alone ;
His manly heart o'ercharged with dread,
Yet dared he scarcely sigh or groan.

' Yet might he breathe a silent prayer
To him who can in silence hear ;
He did—and lighter grew his care,
And Hope resumed the place of Fear.

' He listened, gazing on the floor,
Strange fancies o'er him ' coming thick,'
While the old clock behind the door
Had never seemed so slow to tick.

' And thus his anxious watch he kept,
Oft murmuring his loved one's name,
Lonely as though the household slept,
Till from her room a low sound came.

' 'Twas scarcely sound—but like the fall
Of fairy footsteps gathering round ;
Then whisperings soft—then silence all,
As though 'twere hallowed ground.

' Then broke the spell—not with a word,
But an infant's cry. How it made him start !

He listened and he thought he heard
An echo in his heart.

' 'Twas nature's voice. That feeble cry
Awoke paternal love and pride ;
Feelings with death alone to die,
Yet still he trembled for his bride ;
Till his sister tripped in with a whisper of joy,
Saying, ' Mary is well, John, and so is your boy.'

' It now only remains of our First-born to state
What is told so exceedingly well in our plate.
His aunt and the nurse in his long-clothes arrayed him,
And then in the arms of the latter they laid him ;
And so, in due form, to his father conveyed him,
And with high approbation and smiles surveyed him,
(As the painter's talent hath deeply portrayed him)
While they both ostentatiously displayed him,
As highly delighted as though they had made him.'

The volume contains many prose contributions, with some of which we have been much pleased. Among these may be noted *The School Master on Board*, by Captain Howard. *The Old Sexton's Chronicle*, by Mrs. Walker. *Royal Christenings*, by Miss Strickland. And more especially *The King's Banner Bearer*, by Miss Lawrance.

Mr. Willis' volume which we have placed fourth on our list, does not properly range with the class of Annals. It possesses, however, some of their characteristics, and in the absence of a stricter classification may be advantageously noticed here. It consists of two parts, the first containing eighteen letters, descriptive of the scenery and mode of life, on the banks of the Susquehannah, where the author has fixed his residence after many years travel in Europe and the East;—and the second a collection of poems which has appeared in a separate form in America, and obtained considerable popularity. Of the letters, we find it somewhat difficult to speak. They are as peculiar as the title under which they are ushered into the world, and if they find favor, it must be with minds differently constituted from ours. We love wit and humour, and can make some excuse for their occasional excess, but we confess ourselves unable to wade through the strange jumble of all human things which these letters contain, without weariness and occasional disgust. There are redeeming passages in which the fine fancy and poetic temperament of the author shine forth unclouded, but the pleasure these minister is purchased too dearly by the perusal of the whole series. The poetry is of a different order, and deserves all the popularity which it has obtained among our Trans-atlantic friends, several of the pieces breathe the genuine spirit of Parnassus, and

would be creditable to the best of our living poets. We have been particularly pleased with *Malanie*, *Lord Ivon and his Daughter*, *The Wife's Appeal*, *The Leper*, and *The Healing of the daughter of Jairus*. These, however, are too long for extract, and do not admit of abridgment. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the following, which, though beautiful of its kind, scarcely does justice to our author.

‘ There’s something in a noble boy,
 A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
 With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
 His dread of books and love of fun,
 And in his clear and ready smile,
 Unshaded by a thought of guile,
 And unrepressed by sadness—
 Which brings me to my childhood back,
 As if I trod its very track,
 And felt its very gladness.
 And yet it is not in his play,
 When every trace of thought is lost,
 And not when you would call him gay,
 That his bright presence thrills me most.
 His shout may ring upon the hill,
 His voice be echoed in the hall,
 His merry laugh like music trill,
 And I in sadness hear it all—
 For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
 I scarcely notice such things now—
 But when, amid the earnest game,
 He stops, as if he music heard,
 And, heedless of his shouted name
 As of the carol of a bird,
 Stands gazing on the empty air
 As if some dream were passing there—
 ’Tis then that on his face I look,
 His beautiful but thoughtful face
 And, like a long-forgotten book,
 Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
 Remembering a thousand things
 Which passed me on those golden wings,
 Which time has fettered now—
 Things that came o’er me with a thrill,
 And left me silent, sad, and still,
 And threw upon my brow
 A holier and a gentler cast,
 That was too innocent to last.

‘ ’Tis strange how thought upon a child
 Will, like a presence, sometimes press,

And when his pulse is beating wild,
 And life itself is in excess—
 When foot, and hand, and ear, and eye,
 Are all with ardor straining high—
 How in his heart will spring
 A feeling whose mysterious thrall
 Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
 And on its silent wing,
 How with the clouds he'll float away,
 As wandering and as lost as they !'

The volume contains, in addition to a handsome portrait of the author, ten engravings from the well known pencil of Mr. Bartlett, illustrative of various points of scenery referred to in the letters.

The Parlour Table-Book differs in character from all the preceding, it is less adapted for immediate popularity, but will be more permanently prized and be more frequently referred to than any of them. It consists of a selection from a wide range of authors eminent in their several departments, and will be found both a useful and interesting companion in the brief intervals of time which occur during more severe and continuous occupations.

-
- Art. VII. 1. *An Act to provide for the Regulation of Municipal Elections in England and Wales, September, 1835.*
 2. *The Times Newspaper, November 5, 1840.*

THE object of the Municipal Corporation Act was to elevate the moral condition of the people of England ;—to teach the inhabitants of our cities and towns habits of self-respect ;—and, by accustoming them to self-government, to cause them to appreciate free political institutions. Its framers aimed, not only at the suppression of corrupt bodies, that tainted the administration of justice, alienated public property, and bid defiance to public opinion, but desired to erect a system that, by bringing the democratic principle into play, should develop the active faculties—commercial and intellectual—of the community, and keep alive a spirit favorable to liberty. They felt that the principal security of freedom consisted in the administration of local business *by the people themselves* ; for by such administration citizens acquire attachment to public interests and experience of public affairs, and thus become qualified to exert an influence over the supreme legislature.

Now, if instead of securing these ends, the municipal system corrupts and demoralizes the mass of the people resident in the municipal towns, and thus prepares them to be venal and willing slaves, it becomes a great public duty to examine that system in all its details, and endeavor to discover the leak or rotten plank that threatens to make it shipwreck.

We have now had five years experience of the municipal corporation act; and the result is a settled persuasion that *without the application of the Ballot and one or two other correctives, it will completely disappoint the intention of its originators, and produce a frightful catalogue of social and political evils.* There is an outcry among all honest men against the scenes which now attend municipal elections. Bribery, undue influence, intimidation, and drunkenness working among constituencies widely extended by *household suffrage!* These are but half the evils; and do not include frauds in the parish lists, frauds on the revision, frauds by personation, frauds by violation of promise, frauds by the forgery of voting papers, frauds by the circulation of false reports, and frauds by voting twice or more frequently:—November evils, falling as thickly and regularly as the asteroids!

It is published from the house-top that the Tories are rapidly regaining power in the corporations. Who can be surprised at such a circumstance? Ought we not to regard it as a consequence as necessary as that effect should follow its cause? The system lays the poorer rate-payers open to the seduction of money and intoxicating liquors; and the Tories have always funds at hand for the purposes of corruption. *The fact that the municipal electors give their suffrages to a party who never would have given them the franchise; who now protest against popular elections; and who would (if they could) wrest all power from the hands of those electors, proves that sinister influences have been brought into play.*

We shall, without waiting to analyse the statements* of ‘conservative gain,’ paraded by the Tory newspapers, which are certainly, in many instances, exaggerated, proceed to the discussion of the subject before us; observing the following order:—

First. The qualification of municipal electors.

* The following is a summary of the results of the elections:—

The Liberals succeeded in	36 towns.
The Tories	27
Liberals succeeded unopposed in	15
Tories	17
Elections divided	5—37
	<hr/> 100

Liberals completely successful or nearly so in	19 towns.
Tories	11

Second. The system of registration, and the revision of the voters' lists.

Third. The practices obtaining during the canvass and election.

Fourth. The mode of voting.

I. The constituencies of our municipalities at present consist of every male person of full age, who on the last day of August, in any year, shall have occupied premises within the borough continuously *for the three previous years*, and shall for that time have been an inhabitant householder, within seven miles of the borough, provided that he shall have been rated to the poor rates, and shall have paid them and all borough rates *during the time of his occupation*.

Against this qualification three different kinds of objections have been urged:—that it was too extensive; an objection made by the Tories: that it, needlessly, has been narrowed to those resident *three years*; a complaint made by friends of popular election and extended suffrage: and that by requiring proof of the payment of poor rates, not for the six months preceding August, but for the whole of the three years, an extraordinary facility is given to those interested in disfranchising electors; a fact which every one who has had opportunities of practical experience must readily admit. The first of these objections we think was fairly met by Lord John Russell in the speech with which he introduced the Municipal Bill to parliament. The noble lord, in stating the reason for adopting the qualification in question,—that is the existing qualification, observed:—

‘ I think we should consider those whom I may call *permanent* rate-payers, the inhabitants of the town, as perfectly fit and qualified to choose persons to represent them in its common council and government. It may often happen, and I think it does often happen, that the lower class of rate-payers, however well known and long established in the town, do not take such a warm interest in the election of members of parliament as not to be open to the various modes of seduction, and to those corrupt arts which have been ordinarily resorted to, to procure votes. I do not think that the same thing can be said when you place before them the propriety of choosing their own townsmen, perhaps their next-door neighbors, as persons fit to have a voice in the government of their own town. But there is another reason, as it seems to me, more conclusive than all, which is, that these rate-payers contribute directly to the expenses of the town. By this bill they will be obliged to pay the borough rate which may be required; and it is absolutely essential that they should not be exempt from it. Then according to the established principles, to the known and recognised principles of the constitution, it is right and proper that those who contribute their money should have a voice in the elections of persons by whom their money is expended.’

But the principles appealed to by Lord John are denied by the Tories. However they may disguise their feelings, they dislike the democratic character and tendencies of this qualification; and, when they have it in their power, *will make the evils of the municipal system, to which we now draw attention, an excuse for defacing its essential features*; unless those evils are remedied, in due time, by a friendly hand. They boast at present, for the sake of turning public opinion in their favor, of the ‘triumphs’ which they are achieving in the boroughs; but in private conversation, and occasionally in their newspapers, the fact that they meditate the invasion of existing civic rights, oozes out. An illustration of this remark is supplied by a recent article in the Times. Boasting of the achievements which the money, liquor, and full-stretched influence of the Tory party has accomplished, that journal * observes:—

‘These municipal elections, be it remembered, are beyond all question the most *popular* appeals that are ever made to any English constituency. They are not confined to the £10 householders, like the parliamentary elections, nor yet to the freemen of the boroughs—still less to £50 tenants or freeholders, as in the counties. They rest upon *household suffrage*—the very point which some of our ultra-reformers are now proposing as an improvement on the franchises conferred by the Reform Bill.

* * * * *

‘Consider for a moment the two parties in any great town. The Conservatives, where are they to be found? Do they not embrace the far larger proportion of the higher ranks of the middle classes, including nearly all the active virtue and felt benevolence of the community? Of the most self-denying and resolute of all classes—the sincerely religious—must we not seek more than nine-tenths among the Conservative party? And can it be, that these things should fail to exert an influence, growing, as we now see it, year by year, over the judgment and choice of the respective constituencies?’

Yet notwithstanding this state of things, which one would have thought was sufficiently satisfactory, the Times, in the very same article, darkly hints that the new corporations are doomed to destruction. ‘*As to the graver question,*’ it observes, ‘*of whether the new corporations, in themselves, are likely to prove beneficial to the inhabitants of these towns, or otherwise—that is a matter the decision of which must necessarily be postponed until honest and respectable men shall have had a sufficient trial of the working of the whole system.*’ It is true that the present franchise is likely

* Vide Times, November 5.

to answer the purposes of the Tories; but it obliges them to court the suffrages of the people, and drains their coffers!

It is argued by those who object to the restriction to *three* years residence, that a much shorter period is required as the qualification of the parliamentary constituency, who exercise a much more important trust. But it is doubtful whether any man can acquire a sufficient knowledge of *local* circumstances to qualify him to take a part in municipal matters, in a shorter period than three years. The interests in the custody of parliament can be appreciated equally well by a man whether he resides at Exeter, Birmingham, or York:—*cælum non animum mutat*. But peculiar local interests are not so readily understood. Beside, the body of ten-pound householders are necessarily a more permanent body, less liable to fluctuation, than a poorer and more widely extended class; and it may well be replied, that the restriction to three years continuous residence is necessary to prevent the improper manufacture of votes to carry some particular point. To serve the cause at the election in 1826, no less than 1870 freemen were made in Maldon; and it is well to provide against so scandalous an abuse in the reformed municipal corporations.

We object, however, to, and strongly protest against, the provision *which requires proof of the payment of rates for the whole of the three years*. It is the source of frauds without number. The parish books having, during that interval, passed through the hands of *six different overseers*, and perhaps as many assistants, the most extraordinary facilities are afforded for the erasure of names and items, and the foisting in of charges of arrears. And yet the provision is as *useless* as it is mischievous. It has been framed for the purpose of securing the payment of rates. But it is perfectly superfluous. The Poor Law Amendment act does not require its aid. An overseer is *compelled to make his payments quarterly*. If he fails to do so punctually, by 'the act* 'to amend the laws relating to the assessment and collection of 'rates for the relief of the poor,' he is liable to have his goods sold. He is obliged, therefore, to collect the rates immediately, and to allow no arrears. Finally his accounts are audited, confirmed, and allowed by the auditor before he leaves office. To suppose, therefore, that arrears remain due, except in the case of publicly known defaulters, is a gross absurdity. The mischievous operation of this provision will be better seen when we come to the second division of our subject.

II. *The system of registration and the revision of voters' lists.*

It is now generally admitted that REGISTRATION is a matter of

* August, 1839.

the highest political importance : and it cannot be too often impressed upon the public mind, that if the liberal cause is abandoned in the revision-court, it is abandoned irretrievably. Beside the hostility of *objectors*, most people will be surprised to learn that the municipal franchise is subject to *six perils* from overseers.

1. By the *omission* of a householder's name from the *rate-book*.
2. By putting his name *in pencil* in the book.
3. By omitting to *give credit* for paid rates.
4. By omitting his name from the *citizens' list* delivered by the overseer to the town clerk.
5. By informality in the title or superscription of such list.
6. By erasures in the rate-book and the insertion of spurious arrears.

It matters not that a man has established his claim in 1840 ; the ignorance or misconduct of an overseer, in either of these cases, may deprive him of his vote in 1841 ! Is not this monstrous ? Does it not appear vexatious and tyrannical in the extreme, that householders should *annually* be subjected to the inconvenience of proving qualifications which they have already proved, and meeting objections which have already been met and answered ? In a recent paper * on the subject of parliamentary registration, we made an observation which is equally applicable to the present case ; ‘ When a man has once proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that he occupies a house of value sufficient to entitle him to the franchise, on what plea can he *annually* be required to prove the validity of his title, so long as he continues to occupy the same premises ? ’ The liability to objection every year is one of the most vicious parts of the whole system. It produces exasperation and annoyance. It disfranchises multitudes who are persecuted by hired Tory objectors. *An effort is now generally made to pack the parishes with Tory overseers, in order that the rate books may be tampered with ; or that Tory objectors and agents may have free access to the parochial records.* In many cases Tory objectors and electioneering under-strappers are appointed as deputy overseers. The provincial newspapers abound with the most shameful cases that arise in this manner. In many instances men who have died or have removed (who can therefore be *personated*), are retained on the citizens' lists. In others, liberals are omitted by tens from the rate books and lists !! and it is now an established plan, in cases where a *landlord* pays the rates of a number of houses, to give a receipt for A. B. ‘ and others : ’ thus destroying the proof of rating in the case of the ‘ others ! ’ These facts must be forced upon the

* *Eclectic Review*, August, 1840.

attention of the legislature ; for unless the evils we complain of be remedied, it is obvious that the unprotected burgesses will be borne down by Tory combinations.

We select two cases, which will illustrate, in a striking manner, the remarks which we have here made ; one, where the omission of a householder's name from the rate book caused his disfranchisement ; the other, where the insertion of spurious arrears of rates by a Tory agent was detected. We quote them from a liberal journal published in York.*

' John Johnson, the occupier of a house in Bilton Street, in the parish of St. Cuthbert, claimed to be inserted on the burgess list. He was objected to on the ground that he had not been duly rated. Johnson was conscious that he had regularly and punctually paid his rates. The rate book was produced, and it was discovered that in the rate of the 7th of January, 1839, *his name was omitted from the rate book*. A *blank* was left where his name should have been ; but the house which he occupied was rated as usual, and the rate due from it was entered down as paid !!! On reference it was found that Mr. Johnson's name was on the rate immediately *before* that in January, 1839, and in the rate next after the same January. It was proved by a witness in court that Johnson had occupied the house for upwards of three years, and had not removed from it, or for a moment ceased to reside in it. Yet the court deprived this man of his vote !!!'

Now this case arose out of the fact that proof of the payment of rates, during the whole three years, is most unnecessarily required. The omission of the name may have arisen from accident or design ; but in the next we have a case of positive malice and fraud :—

" ROBERT SCOTT, of Redeness-street, was objected to by the Tories. The ground of objection was demanded. It was replied that he had not paid all his rates. The overseer's books were produced, and it was discovered that in the rate of the 4th of July, 1838, the sum of *three half pence !!* was charged to him as arrears, while it appeared that he had paid the sum of 2s. 7½d. It was urged that these arrears *had never been demanded*, yet the court refused to allow the vote. On looking closely at the book it was discovered that there had been an *erasure* where the 7½d. had been written, yet the court refused to allow the claim ! Fortunately the overseer's receipts were produced ; and it was found that the receipt had been given by Mr. RALPH HORNER (overseer) for 2s. 9d. !!! The vote was allowed at length, and Mr. GARWOOD observed that it was a most barefaced and disgraceful attempt to disfranchise an elector."

These cases prove how much depends upon OVERSEERS ; and

* The Yorkshireman.

what chances the present system gives to objectors, to the disadvantage of electors.

At the recent revision at Liverpool, so extraordinary a number of objections were made by the Tories, that, at the conclusion of the revision, 5,000 objections remained undisposed of!!! The law provides that the revision shall commence on the 1st of October, and conclude on the 15th of that month. The court sat for fifteen days: yet all was labor in vain; for eventually they had to fall back upon the list of 1839. The Mayor of Liverpool in closing the court with propriety observed; * ‘A legislative measure must, in my opinion, be applied to remedy a grievance so great as that which, for fifteen days, we have endured. It is not possible to revise a list of objections so indiscriminately made on this occasion as to exceed 7000 names; and I do hope and trust that, in future, either by making the objector pay costs where the objection shall be deemed frivolous and vexatious, or by some other plan, the evil of which we have all so just cause to complain may be removed.’ His worship submitted the matter to the town clerk, and the following is the opinion of that officer upon the unprecedented circumstances of the case;—an opinion which appears to be consistent with the law:—

‘Being called upon by the worshipful the Mayor, as the Town-clerk, to advise him as to the course which, according to law, he ought to pursue with regard to the list of burgesses now before him, I submit my opinion as follows:—The revision has now proceeded from the 1st of the month to this day, the 15th, inclusive. It commenced with a list of 14,417 names,—a list of 607 claimants in addition,—and a list of objections to 7303 names of the 14,417; and now, after having proceeded the full period allowed by law, save only so much of this day as would be barely sufficient to complete the requisite formalities, there remain of cases of objection unheard 5000, interspersed over the various pages of the list. The whole list is not revised;—what is required to be done by the act is not done;—the list is in point of fact imperfect and informal. The question then is, whether his worship can carry into effect the following provision part of the 18th section of the Municipal Corporations’ Act:—‘And the Mayor shall, in open court, write his initials against the names respectively struck out or inserted, and against any party of the said lists in which any mistakes shall have been corrected, and shall sign his name to every page of the several lists so settled.’ If his worship should sign every page of this list he must certify 5000 cases as revised when not one of them has been before the court. In order to be prepared to advise his worship on the present state of things, which for some days past has been expected, I have availed myself of the opinions of eminent counsel,—amongst them Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Wightman,—and all

* Vide Liverpool Mercury.

whom I have consulted concur in the opinion, that his worship ought not to sign a list under these circumstances. The consequence will be that, in the opinion of all the counsel whom I have advised with, no burgess roll can be founded upon this list, and the provision of the Municipal Amendment Act, 1 Victoria, c. 78, s. 6, will attach. That enactment is as follows:—‘And be it enacted, that in every borough in which, by reason of any neglect or informality, a new burgess roll of the said borough shall not have been duly made in any year within the time directed by the said act, the burgess roll which was in force before the time appointed for the revision shall continue in force until such new burgess roll shall have been duly made.’ As to my own opinion I at first considered this case one of difficulty; but after the fullest consideration I now entertain a decided opinion that the only proper course is for the Mayor not to sign the list; and that the consequence must be that the burgess roll of last year will continue in force: which opinion I give to his worship under all the responsibility that can attach to it.

R. RADCLIFFE, Town-clerk.

Town-hall, Oct. 15th, 1840.

The result was that several hundred qualified electors were disfranchised.—Yet the Tories boast of ‘triumphs,’ achieved in this manner! The same party pursued a similar course at Leeds, and brought matters to the same issue. The result is, that 1300 persons, who would have possessed the franchise if the revision had been completed, have been disfranchised!!! No one can peruse the speech of the Mayor of Leeds* without astonishment and indignation:—

‘Our powers (said his worship) have now ceased by effluxion of time, and it is hardly necessary for me to announce to you that the Court has not been able to get through the revision so as to complete the new burgess roll. This has been caused by the very great unparalleled number of objections and claims which have been brought forward. The claims might very well have been got through, if this great number of objections had not been made, for by a statement which I now hold in my hand, being an analysis of the revision that has taken place in the first five wards, I have to announce to you that the number of objections substantiated is very small indeed. In those wards containing objections, there have not been *one hundred* made good. (Loud cries of ‘shame, shame.’) This is my opinion, and, as I think it will appear to every one who is disposed to consider the matter, is a very reckless abuse of the privilege which is allowed by law. Had it not been for that, as I have before said, the revision would have been got through, and the new roll made out; but as it is I presume that the next election of counsellors for the borough must take place on the roll of the last year. There will be disfranchised in

* Vide Leeds Mercury.

the five wards which have been gone through upwards of *thirteen hundred* persons who would have possessed the franchise if this revision had been completed.'

Lord John Russell may be considered the parent of the Municipal Corporation Act :—will he be content to leave it in its present imperfect and anomalous condition? If the practices we have described, which grow up and are fostered by the present system, are not put an end to, the whole municipal power of the country will become vested in the hands of the Tories; and the poor population of our cities and boroughs will be rendered reckless and depraved. Lord John Russell owes it to himself and the country to bring the subject before Parliament in the ensuing session. Let us now turn our attention to *the practices* which prevail during the canvass and election.

III. It is impossible to witness the scenes at a municipal election without feelings of intense disgust. One set of candidates canvass the wards, leaving the impression that there is *no other candidate in the field*. An advantage is thus gained over their opponents; for when once promises have been made, many electors will not retract them. The next step is to open houses, where all comers are supplied with pipes and ale. These houses are nightly visited by the candidates, who sit with the company and often carouse with them till midnight! Punch and ale are administered freely;—every nerve is strained;—customers canvass their tradesmen. Those who have promised their votes, are urged to violate their promises, and vote for the other party: and those who cannot be induced to do so, are entreated to go out of the way, and not vote as they originally promised. Banners and music increase the excitement; and the canvass may well be described, in the words of the Rev. Sydney Smith as, 'the ten *'days dominion of Mammon and Belial!'* The most venal are directly bribed; and others are 'set down' as messengers, runners, and canvassers. In many places it is impossible to carry on a contested election without employing a large number of the latter class; who, being labouring and working men, say that they cannot give up their days' work without compensation. Thus the present system of voting begets canvassing, and canvassing begets practices unfavourable to the independence of electors.

The day of election comes on; and, excepting the bathing in horse-ponds, the hootings, duckings, and fractures of olden times, we have every evil attending parliamentary elections in operation. Business commences with *general breakfasts* supplied gratuitously. To those breakfasts, the Tories invite all those voters who are about to *split between both parties*; *i. e.* give one vote to a Liberal, and the other to a Tory. As votes are delivered by *voting papers*, in the municipal system, an effort is made, at those breakfasts, to *change the voting papers*. A Tory agent asks

a voter to allow him to see if his voting paper is correctly filled up :—the agent says ‘It is all right ;’ and slips back a paper, in which the names of the *two* Tory candidates are inserted, instead of the *Liberal* and *Tory* candidates !! Some are unable to read, and in the excitement of the first rush to the poll, it is almost impossible in any case, to detect the trick. Again : Tory agents lie in wait for stray voters ;—invite them into public houses ; and while they ply them with liquor, make alterations and erasures in their papers. These are the methods by which the Tories succeed ; and at victories achieved by such degrading means, sounds of exultation ring through the land ! The manœuvres of Liverpool and Leeds are celebrated as ‘conservative triumphs ;’ and changes effected by force of bribery, are pointed to as evidence of reaction in public opinion !

Without dwelling longer upon scenes which are familiar to many of our readers, and can readily be imagined by all, we shall advert to the last of the four points, which we proposed more especially to notice.

IV. *The mode of voting at municipal elections.*

The votes are taken by a most defective method of *BALLOT*. It is not an open, *viva-voce* mode of voting ; nor is it *secret*. It, in some cases, certainly protects a voter from sudden ebullitions of mob-wrath ; but it does not keep him safe from his employer, or his customer, nor protect him from the vengeance of the Tory party, which is ‘steady as the march of time, and keen as the ‘scent of death.’ It affords facilities to fraud, as we have already demonstrated ; and gives security to the briber that the voter will fulfil his corrupt contract. A correct account of the polling is taken from the voting papers by the town clerk, which is open to public inspection. The voter, therefore, knows if he does not vote according to his bargain, that he will receive *no pay*. The presiding alderman, too, at the polling place of each ward, inspects each paper ; and partizans, thus presiding, are known to smile on, bow to, and even say, ‘thank you sir,’ to the voter who has voted in conformity with his wishes. There is a Ballot box on the table, but it is useless ; as there is a spy set on the electors, who intimates by his manner the direction of the votes, so correctly, that an account of the poll is published every hour ! The British public are already aware of the cases of intimidation which occur at our city and county elections ; when landlords, who think, with the Duke of Newcastle, that they have ‘a right ‘to do what they like with their own,’ order their tenants to the hustings and dictate to their tradesmen ; *but they have as yet no adequate conception of the petty tyranny, narrowed into wards and parishes, and enforced upon householders of every grade, by residents inflamed by jealousy and resolved upon revenge.* The irritation of parliamentary elections subsides after a time ; and there

is no one interested in maintaining a system of unrelenting local persecution. But the case is different in municipal affairs. *The persons offended reside in the parish or ward with the offenders ; the cause of offence recurs every year ! ! !* These considerations, it cannot be denied, are of the very highest importance ; and it is to be hoped, that those who are opposed to the application of the BALLOT to the parliamentary elections, will feel them sufficiently forcible to induce them to concede the protecting influence of that shield of liberty to the householders entrusted with the election of the municipal councillors. What independence of spirit can bear up against daily frowns from wealthy neighbours,—rebukes, and sarcasms, and desertions on the part of customers,—studied exclusion from every local trust of importance—the imposition of disagreeable offices ? How many are there who can exert free-will when the director of the bank asks a favor ? and who is there that does not feel alarm when it is hinted that at the next revision, all the cunning of the Tory objectors, and all the acumen of the Tory attorneys, will be levelled against his vote ? In many cases, overseers, churchwardens, and tax collectors pay their earliest visits to the houses of those poor men who have opposed the Tory candidate, and hector their families ; in others, mechanics are dismissed from their employment. If a man votes against the Tories, he loses present rewards and future prospects ; and gains their implacable enmity. *Under these circumstances the will is not free. Under this state of things it is a matter of human impossibility that men can make an unbiassed and independent choice.*

Let us then, have a system of real and genuine BALLOT established at municipal elections. Nothing else can cure these evils. Mr. Grote's admirable Ballot box, has now for some years been before the public, and no one has ever ventured to assert that it does not insure perfect secrecy. Let us have this Ballot box then, in every municipal polling place in England ; and let the present absurd method of voting be exploded ! We call upon the friends of free election, both in and out of parliament, to press the demand for the Ballot, at municipal elections, upon the legislature. They cannot refuse to yield it, in this case ; and if it proves successful in municipal elections,—as assuredly it will,—then, as a matter of necessity, it will be applied to ALL ELECTIONS. The friends of Ballot as a principle, and the friends of democratic municipal institutions must, therefore, unite and call for its adoption. The municipal corporation act can produce no salutary fruit without it. The more we reflect upon the circumstances of the country, and upon the principle of secret voting, the more we feel persuaded of the necessity of its application to them. The reform act is imperfect without it :—without it, the municipal system will be a scourge in the hands

of those who are inimical to popular institutions, and despise the spirit of democracy. In 1659, when first it was introduced into England, James Harrington, a gentleman of Northamptonshire, a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, whose classic mind identified the Ballot with the freedom of the Greek republics, and the sturdy independence of the antique Roman, was its only* advocate;—the Ballot is now advocated by the great majority of the public journals of Great Britain and Ireland. When Harry Nevil, ‘an ingenious and well bred gentleman,’ (see Wood’s *Athenæ Oxonienses*) shortly afterwards, moved a resolution in Parliament, in favor of **BALLOT**, there were eight votes with him:—Mr. Grote’s motion was upon the last division in the House of Commons, supported by **TWO HUNDRED MEMBERS!** The question will wax stronger and stronger; and, if the Reformers act consistently, in the present crisis, its speedy triumph is certain.

Beside the newly incorporated towns of Manchester, Bolton, and Birmingham, there are in England and Wales 178 boroughs, whose householders are exposed to the vitiating influences we have described. The existence of such evils, among so vast a mass of the population, cannot be regarded with indifference. The municipal towns, instead of being the fortresses of an oligarchy, locked with a golden key, must be rendered, what they were intended to be, nurseries of public spirit and liberty. But before they can be freed from Tory usurpation, provision must be made against frivolous objections to voters; provision must be made to protect the franchise of men who have proved their title and still hold their qualification; the period during which proof of the payment of rates is required must be abridged; and lastly, the **BALLOT** must be established!

Brief Notice.

Evangelical Synopsis. The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, containing the Text according to the Authorized Version, with Marginal Readings and Parallel Passages; and Notes, explanatory and practical, selected from the writings of the most esteemed Divines and Biblical Critics of various Denominations; interspersed with original remarks. By Ingram Cobbin, A.M. London: Berger.

Though this volume is but part of a larger work comprising both Testaments, it will be observed that the title is so printed as to exclude

* He published a tract entitled ‘*The Use and Manner of the Ballot.*’
VOL. VIII. 3 D

all reference to the Old Testament ; which gives it, not improperly we think, an entirety within itself, and has been done for the accommodation of purchasers who may desire a commentary with reflections on the New Testament only. Mr. Cobbin, the editor, considers 'that in the whole list of commentaries, there is not one to be found on the plan of *'the Evangelical Synopsis*. There is no other that avails itself in the same ample way of the information to be obtained from previous writers ; no other that generally embraces writers of all denominations ; and no other that claims the name of *evangelical*, retaining those sacred principles which the name implies, while it brings to its aid writers of every sect, and yet inculcates, in the spirit of the apostle, love to all those who 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.'

We are glad to find that all this has come within Mr. Cobbin's design, but we cannot accord the praise of the comprehensive catholicity to the 'Evangelical Synopsis' alone. In which of the above particulars is the Tract Society's commentary deficient ? And what was Mr. Cobbin doing when he compiled the Condensed Commentary ? Did he not then derive his materials from writers of all denominations, or did he then inculcate a spirit different from that described above ? We have yet to learn that there is any ground for the exclusive claim of the Evangelical Synopsis to genuine evangelical catholicity ; and are sorry that in order to set forth this, Mr. Cobbin should have deemed it necessary to depreciate other works.

The Evangelical Synopsis is, however, entitled to recommendation partly from the great variety of sources, critical, geographical, and doctrinal, whence its materials have been derived, partly from its varied adaptation ; for it is not only calculated to assist the inquirer who may be anxious to ascertain the sense of the obscurer passages of the sacred volume, but to serve the purpose of a devotional commentary. At the close of every chapter we find a series of reflections not only pertinent but edifying. These are mostly from Scott, but occasionally from Guyse, Boothroyd, Henry, Gill, Ostervald, and others, and some few are original. Every book is preceded by an appropriate introduction. And at the close of the work, there is a catalogue of the authors quoted in the New Testament, and an index to the principal subjects contained in the notes.

An idea of the manner in which the notes are put together may be obtained from the following extract, which is on Eph. ii. 4, 'But God who is rich in mercy for his great love wherewith he loved us.'

4. *Rich in mercy, for his great love.*] The causes of our salvation are *mercy* and *love*. These are to be distinguished ; the object of love is the creature simply, the object of mercy is the creature fallen into misery. Parents love their children : but if they be fallen into misery, love works in a way of pity—*Dr. Goodwin on Eph.* We must remark, that there are two kinds of grace—one of which is simply gratuitous, the other which besides is merciful. That which is purely gratuitous, is that which God manifests towards the innocent creature : that which is merciful is that which he displays towards the miserable and sinful creature.—*Du Bosc.* *Rich in mercy*] a fine and full expression, in that impassioned and noble style of inspiration so peculiar to the apostle Paul. Who can exhaust the *riches* of a God?—and those riches are

here exhibited as consisting in *mercy*—the very kind adapted to supply the need of the impoverished and perishing sinner!—*Editor*. We may oppose and compare the two subjects in this verse, *dead in sin* and *rich in mercy*, as being two extremes—extreme misery, and extreme mercy; one in us, and the other in God. The greatness of our crimes manifests the riches of God's mercy; and the riches of his mercy absorb the greatness of our crimes. Had our sins been less, it must indeed have been mercy to pardon our sins, but not *riches* of mercy. If God had been only lightly inclined to mercy, he might indeed have pardoned smaller sins; but this would never have extended to persons *dead* in their sins; this belongs only to extraordinary and abounding mercy.—*J. Claude*. *For his great love wherewith he loved us.*] This God, without anything in us to induce him to it, has from all eternity set his love in a peculiar manner upon us, whom he has chosen and called, designing therein to bless us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: chap. i. 3, 4.—*Dr. Guyse*.'

The preceding extract will show that some of the sources of which the editor has availed himself are such as the mere English reader is not yet familiar with. We observed with surprise that the name of Du Bosc was omitted in the catalogue of authors cited. If we may express surprise on another account, it is that the editor, whose familiarity with the best productions of the French pulpit is well known, should have made no effort to produce Du Bosc's Sermons on the Ephesians in an English dress. Former years were perhaps unfavorable to such an undertaking; but is there now no 'Library of Standard Divinity' in which these noble expository discourses might be included? To return—the work now noticed has two tolerably good maps, and in page 141 is a woodcut illustration after Lensden, the phylacteries worn by the Pharisees.

Literary Intelligence.

In the Press.

A Critical Examination of the Rendering of the word βαπτίζω in the Ancient and many of the Modern Versions of the New Testament. By F. W. Gotch, A.B., Trinity College, Dublin.

British Guiana: the results of a long sojourn and residence in that Country; including a Journey into the Interior Parts—to the Parime, or 'El Dorado,' and to the Carib Chief, Mahanarawa; together with Remarks on the Indian Tribes—their Habits and Government, &c. By John Hancock, M.D. One vol. 8vo., with a Map.

Just Published.

A Winter in the West Indies described in Familiar Letters to Henry Clay, of Kentucky. By Joseph John Gurney.

Park's Biographical Sketch of Tholuck—Tholuck's Life and Character of St. Paul Sermons, &c. (Biblical Cabinet. Vol. 23.)

The Introduction of the Evidences of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion. In Question and Answer, for the use of Schools and Young Persons.

The City of the Magyar, or Hungary and her Institutions in 1839—40. By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. 12mo.

The Horæ Paulinæ of William Paley, D.D., Carried out and Illustrated in a continuous History of the Apostolic labors and writings of St. Paul, &c. By James Tate, M.A.

The Illustrated Commentary on the Old and New Testaments. Vol. 2. Joshua—2 Kings.

A Sketch for Apronaos as it were in the Temple of Wisdom.

Recollections of the Lakes and other Poems. By the author of 'The Moral of Flowers' and 'The Spirit of the Woods.'

The Mabinogion. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part 3.

The Works, Published and Posthumous, of the Rev. Daniel Isaac. By John Burdsals. In three vols. Vol. I.

History of the Carthaginians, from Rollin and other Authorities.

The Biblical Atlas, containing seventeen Maps, with Explanatory Notices.

An Essay on a Congress of Nations for the Adjustment of International Disputes without Resort to Arms. By William Ladd, Esq.

What Can be Done to Suppress the Opium Trade? By William Groser.

Rose and Crown Lane; or a Sketch of my Neighbourhood.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1841. With Poetical Illustrations by Mary Howitt.

The Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1841. By Mrs. Ellis.

Forget-Me-Not. A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1841. Edited by Frederic Shoberl.

A Memoir of the late Mrs. Sarah Budgett, of Kingswood Hill, Bristol. By John Gaskin, M.A.

Church Principles Considered in their Results. By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., M.P.

Olla Podrida. By the author of 'Peter Simple.' 3 vols. 12mo.

Memorials of Miss Mary Fishwick. With an Introduction by the Rev. Peter M'Owan.

Letters from under a Bridge and Poems. By N. P. Willis, Esq.

The Parlor Table-Book. Written and Selected by the author of 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets.'

Familiar Lectures to Children on Religious Subjects. By R. Maxwell Macbrair.

Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated. By John Timbs.

Joseph, a Poem. By Sir J. D. Paul, Bart., D.C.L.

Peace with China! or the Crisis of Christianity in Central Asia: A Letter to the Right Hon. T. B. Macauley. By Robert Philip.

Statistical Exercises on the Maps of Great Britain and Ireland. By E. C. Nunn.

An Attempt to ascertain the True Chronology of the Book of Genesis. A Lecture. By George Smith.

Mehemet Ali, Lord Palmerston, Russia, and France.

History of the Christian Church. From the First to the Nineteenth Century. For the use of Schools and Families. By Christiana Buchan.

The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare. Part 26.

Lectures on Important Doctrines of Christianity. By Edward D. Griffin, D.D. (Ward's Library.)